Week ending November 20 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

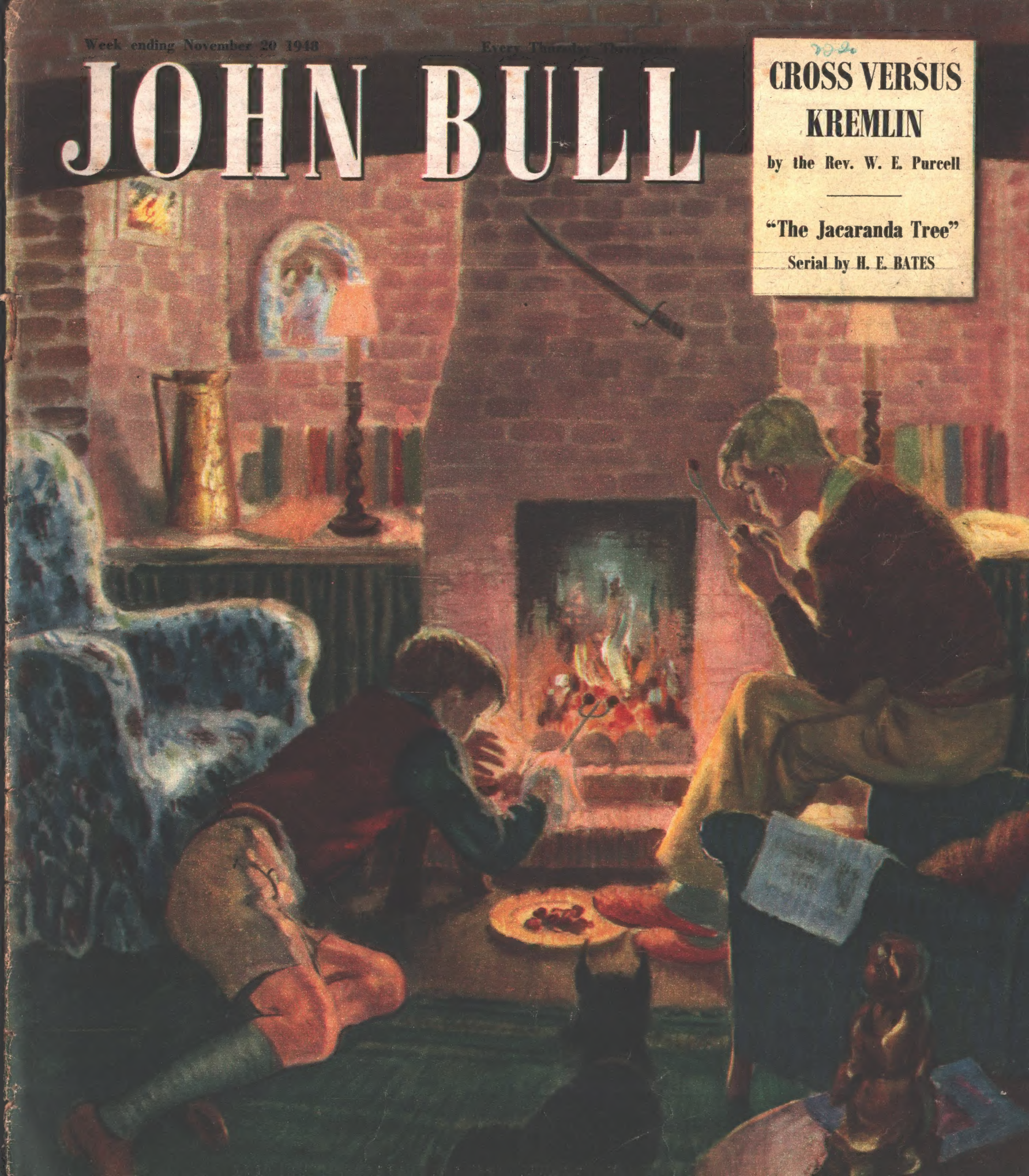
JOHN BULL

CROSS VERSUS KREMLIN

by the Rev. W. E. Purcell

"The Jacaranda Tree"

Serial by H. E. BATES



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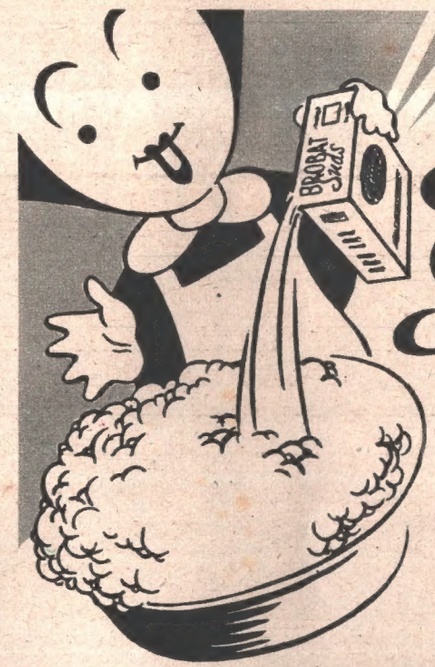

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Only deep sleep has the power to put back into your body the energy you use up during the day.

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Get the deep sleep that Horlick's brings, and you'll wake up in the morning more than a match for the production drive—*and* the fish queues!

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S.M. 19

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EVERY LETTER you write is your representative. By this medium you are judged. And just as carefully as you select your words, so you select your notepaper. There is no better notepaper, and none better-looking, than Basildon Bond. It makes writing *and reading* a pleasure. It does you credit! Its quality has remained extremely high, its price remarkably low. Ask for Basildon Bond by name.

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Zubes will get you
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For Morning Freshness

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Backache and rheumatic pains are quickly relieved by dabbing on a few drops of Sloan's Liniment. Immediately a penetrating warming tingle brings relief and comfort to the very spot and restores ease of movement so that you can 'carry on' in comfort.

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Keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment always handy. Dab on a few drops when aches or pains threaten to stand you off. 2/3 including Purchase tax—at all chemists.

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on Baking Day!

COOKING on the high wire was risky even for the great Blondin! But you need never gamble with sugar, fats or other precious ingredients — thanks to Bird's Golden Raising Powder!

Use it in cakes, sponges, puddings —wherever you would normally use eggs. Even without them it gives a rich, golden colour — deliciously tempting!

For pastry, scones and suet crust, use Bird's Baking Powder . . . and make every baking day a glorious success!

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VIROL IS A CONCENTRATED FOOD prepared from malt extract, specially refined animal fats, eggs, sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts and vitamins.

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lovely teeth stay lovely when **Gums** *are kept healthy with . . .*

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NOVEMBER 20, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2212

The New Freedoms

THANKS TO President Truman's re-election with a Democratic Congress, America's Taft-Hartley anti-labour law will be repealed.

Their promise to do this helped the Democrats to win the U.S. Presidential election, because this law caused the same sort of bitterness in America as did the hated Trades Disputes Act, now repealed, in Britain.

The story of these two Acts, one on each side of the Atlantic, is a clear warning against attempts to interfere by legislation with the political and industrial rights of the people.

It also holds a lesson for workers themselves—a lesson in moderation and public spirit.

Our own Trades Disputes Act was passed as a sequel to the general strike of 1926. The Taft-Hartley Act followed a strike wave in the U.S., during which some labour leaders, such as the miners' John L. Lewis, wielded what seemed to many Americans excessive power.

It's easy to see that one sort of extremist action breeds the other sort. And the obvious lesson for the great majority of sane, sensible workers is that they should not listen to unlicensed agitators; should not plunge headlong into unofficial or anti-social strikes.

We watch in Britain today a struggle to rid our unions of Communist influence. There is only a tiny minority of Communists among the workers, and there is no democratic reason why a single union should be under their control. It has happened in some cases through slackness in voting and non-attendance at meetings.

Yet the new freedoms won for trade unionism, both in Britain and America, must never be taken for granted. They have to be jealously guarded from attacks from within as well as from without.

For the ultimate fate of trade unions under Communist dictatorship would be far worse than anything they have suffered in the past.

Colour Bar Prejudice

DO YOU, as a white man or woman, personally object to mixing with coloured people?

If you find yourself expected to share a restaurant or a train compartment with, for example, an African, do you make a fuss?

And if you must honestly answer yes, is it because you have strong feelings of your own, or because you have picked up cruel prejudices from other people?

The colour bar, with all its bad consequences, can and should be removed.

What is needed is leadership to enable decent-minded people to convert others from obsolete ideas about the "inferiority" of black and brown men and women.

Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, has taken a step in the right direction by denouncing racial discrimination in the National Health Service. He is holding an inquiry into an allegation that a coloured nurse was not permitted to have a guest of her own race at a hospital dance.

Too many incidents of this kind are allowed to spoil the promising partnership between black men and white in the colonial and Commonwealth drive for prosperity.

We do not believe that enlightened public opinion supports cruel and unnecessary discrimination on the grounds of colour. If more people realized how much we already owe, and are likely to owe in the future, to the African races, a new spirit of gratitude and kindliness would soon replace the old antagonism.

Wrong Way to Get Votes

POLITICAL POSTERS are to be freed from the control imposed by the Town and Country Planning Act, which aims to get rid of eyesores caused by the wrong kind of outdoor advertising.

Why? We believe that the plastering of walls and hoardings with exhortations to "Vote for Blank" is out of date.

There is no more excuse for it than for the spending of vast sums on electioneering, which is already banned by statute.

Once, when the British electorate was less politically educated than it is today, posters played a great part in election campaigns. It was not always a creditable part.

Today's electors are better informed. They do not need the crude exhortations of posters, which are a waste of paper and money and offend the eye.

Instead of introducing a new regulation allowing election posters to be stuck up without permission from the planning authorities, Lewis Silkin, the Planning Minister, should dig in his toes and stop them altogether—except on certain specified sites, such as outside town halls and polling stations.

Killing a Lie

MR. VICTOR REUTHER, a leader of the U.S. car workers and member of the Anglo-U.S. Council of Productivity, kills the lie that Britain's men of the factories are not working hard.

After a visit, he says the tempo of workers here is as fast as anything customary in U.S.A. He says the best of our firms are as good as any in the world. Thanks, Mr. Reuther.

We have frankly had enough of the kind of depressing talk that Britain is done, and down and out, or, indeed, of the kind of chatter that says British men work with half a heart in their job and half an eye on the factory clock.

In the motor industry, in shipbuilding, and in textiles—to mention three industries—we are gaining a world reputation for quality, efficiency and craftsmanship.

What we need is fewer Jeremiahs. Let us have less depressing talk and a lot more positive action. Whatever the recovery target this winter, and *in spite of the Jeremiahs*, Britain is going to beat it.

spiderweb

THE GIFT FOR YOU

Chance Spiderweb glassware has character . . . style . . . variety . . . sparkle . . . surprise. It's as easy to like as it's hard to break and is available now at greatly reduced prices, *free of Purchase Tax.*

Your usual retailer will show you the Spiderweb series : dishes, bowls, sugar basins, cream jug, butter dish, celery glass, pickle jar, 8 oz tumbler, jam dish, sundae, etc.

ONE OF THE DESIGNS IN

Chance DOMESTIC GLASSWARE

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You can write with a Swan
a full lifetime of letters
and then hand it down
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Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/- purchase tax extra. Showroom & Service Depot: 110 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.1
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CHIVERS JAMS
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CHIVERS JAMS ARE MADE IN SILVER LINED PANS

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SUTTONS
SALAD CREAM
1/3 per bottle (in short supply)

Makers of "Master Touch" Sauce, Fine Pickles, Canned Goods and Soft Drinks

THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS

'Soupy' says:
A roast and this!
Oh me! what bliss!

SYMINGTON'S
VITE-GRAVY
-is simply grand

Mmm! Smooth gravy, rich and full-flavoured like mother used to make! . . . Use Vite-Gravy also in meat pies, stews and shepherd's pie—for the tastiest dish ever! 3d. and 9d.

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NESTLÉ'S HOMOGENISED FOODS
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TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES

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More delicious than ever!

MADE BY MAYFAIR PRODUCTS LTD. SUNDERLAND.

M6

Ask for MAYFAIR & VANITY FAIR Assortments

THANKS TO GOOD BRITISH FARMING

A WINTER'S NIGHT and there, in the glass of beer you are drinking, glints some of the long summer sunshine. What grand company malt and hops make for each other when the brewers' art goes hand in hand with the farmers' untiring skill!

Beers brewed by
WHITBREAD
Naturally

Handed down through 300 years

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Previous appointments to the late
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Wm. Gaymer & Son Ltd., Attleborough & London

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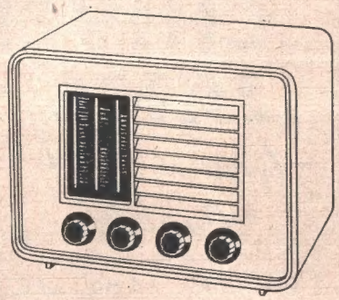
Price is important! Do you want a new all-wave table set? And are you wondering how you can economise without sacrificing any of the essentials of good listening—really good reproduction, reliability? Well, then — your set is the new Ferranti 148 all-wave A.C. mains table model with moulded cabinet either in two tones of brown or in black and grey. See it at your Ferranti Dealer's. Price £24.17.8 (inc. P.T.)



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BUT WHAT WE THINK IS REALLY GREAT
IS A PIPE OF

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BRITAIN'S MOST FAMOUS MIXTURE

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A HEALTHY COMPANION

Bob Martin's

What a walk he's had . . . chasing sticks as if his life depended on it . . . laughing, as a dog laughs, with bright eyes and lolling tongue. But your dog can't give you the best of companionship unless he's in good condition. To help keep his bloodstream pure a domesticated dog needs one Bob Martin's once a day.

Then, you'll find, you've got a first-rate friend, brim-full of energy and high spirits. Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets cost 8d. a packet and 1/8d. a large carton.

keep dogs fit

BAND-AID

on in a jiffy!

surgically safe

Immediate protection for small wounds. So sure, and so comfortable —*for it stretches with the skin.* Made by Johnson & Johnson, famous among nurses and doctors for their hospital dressings.

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PHILLIPS FOR PREFERENCE

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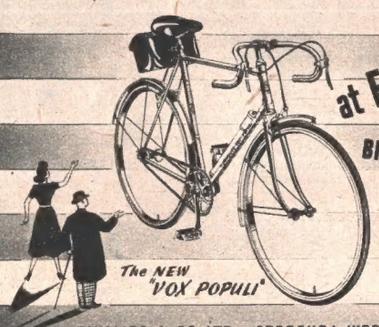

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CROSS *versus* KREMLIN

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

However much we hate the gospel according to Marx, an atom bomb "crusade" wouldn't convert the Russians. A different crusade is needed, and it must start here

THERE IS NOT MUCH DOUBT as to what the poker-faces in the Politbureau really feel about religion. They are against it. That is why religion in some quarters is already being tried out as a possible battle cry for a third World War, that struggle dreaded by all people of sense, never mind of goodwill.

As if it were not enough that our world should again be having its ears cocked for the sirens, there are those—some in influential places—who claim to see in the divisions of East and West not only political-economic differences, but also a stage ready set for a new crusade.

It sounds plausible, even solemn and impressive, especially when dressed up in language which casts the Kremlin for the rôle of anti-Christ. What is wrong with the argument?

The first thing wrong is its appalling danger. For every word uttered of such attractively dramatic talk adds another faggot to the already huge pile of inflammable material now stacked around our world. Touch off that pile—an atomic one—and Peace and Civilization, both the same thing, by this time, will perish; the most notable, and perhaps the last, of the many victims of religious intolerance.

The second thing wrong with this talk of a "new Crusade" is its curious out-of-dateness. Religious wars belong to the past, like the pikes and muzzle-loaders in the Tower of London. The attempt to drag them from their historical museum and use them again in real earnest would as much set the final seal of lunacy upon our incredible age as would the formation of a territorial unit clad in chain mail and armed with battle-axes.

Down Our Own Street

But the worst feature of this talk is its hypocrisy. Godlessness in Moscow there may well be; but it is not necessary to cross the sealed frontier of the Soviets to find it. Most of us have only to look across the street, next door—or into our own lives—to find the naked truths of it right there.

It is certainly the case that perhaps the ugliest feature of Marxist Communism from the beginning has been its deliberate and persistent atheism. This has done Communism immeasurable harm, both in world opinion and in itself. There would be fewer people looking with fear towards the walls of the Kremlin if the textbook of the Soviet experiment had been the Bible instead of *Das Kapital* and if its inspiration had been someone imbued with the spiritual power of a Tolstoy instead of the venomous hatred of a Marx.

Tragically, it has not turned out that way. Noble figures such as that of the white-bearded saintly writer, whose old home the Russians still venerate as a shrine but whose teaching they have rejected, have vanished from a scene now occupied, officially at any rate, by Molotov and his kind.

The change is not for the better, for them or for the world.

We Can't Be Referee

But if one-time "Holy Russia" has chosen her hard, materialist bed and must, perforce, lie on it, that is her business, not ours. It is certainly not any adequate reason for wanting to blow the whole place up.

Goaded by continual and admitted Russian provocation, we may begin to feel and talk like that, but we would do well to remember that large-scale refereeing in such a contest as that now on between Russia and the West is best left to God, who alone can see enough of the game. He has a way of dealing with the right and the wrong.

No civilization lacking active religious belief to give it inspiration, rules and purpose has ever lasted long before being sent off the field where the game of life is played.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that our wisest course by far is to stop arguing about the beliefs, or lack of them, in the opposite team, and get on with the game; begin a combined forward movement towards the goals of more faith, less fear, for millions of people on our side who desperately need both. The other goals—the material ones of more food, more commerce and freer movement between us all—will then be much more likely to follow, as better human relationships develop among the peoples of the world.

It is true that Communism must be challenged. But surely in the name of sanity it must be challenged by positive Christianity rather than the Satanic means of a push-button war, which would be not a settlement but an act of mass suicide.

On the material plane, J. B. Priestley, in a JOHN BULL article, has already strikingly proposed a truce in the East-West conflict. The same method is applicable to our basic differences in belief and outlook.

In essence, the Priestley method is to arrange "an interval during which the various political economic systems might compete peacefully, to prove which is the most satisfactory. Let us see which produces the largest dinners, the best clothes, the most new houses, and not the largest bombs." Similarly in religion—and Communism is a religion to some—let us see which side can produce, among other things, the truest love of one's neighbours—both over the garden wall and at the other end of the world—the least fear, the least selfishness and apathy.

Are we ready for such a test? The way to beat the Communist is not to think in terms of knocking him down, thus adding to the mass of hatred in the world, but to try to show him something better. And that means improving ourselves.

Wasn't it Christ Himself who said it was always more profitable to deal with the dirt in your own eye rather than to spend time pointing out the specks of dust in the other man's? There may well be more personal freedom, and there is certainly far less fear, on this side of

A Moscow Sunday: Russian family takes it easy under the Kremlin wall. Do not let us hate them merely because we don't know them

the Iron Curtain than on the other. But what about selfishness and apathy? Those are our own weak spots.

Let's face this. We shall have to if we are ever to confront Communism with anything like the vigour with which it confronts us, powered as it is by the gospel according to Marx and Lenin, preached with the fervour of missionaries by people who are prepared to go to any lengths to see it triumph.

Easygoing Everyman of our world, for the most part with no keen personal convictions about the rights and wrongs of things, is bound to have a thin time in the face of this sort of aggressive attitude just so long as he has no faith of his own to put up against it.

Let us have a holy war by all means. We need one. But let it be waged against apathy and indifference on this side of the Iron Curtain and not against our imagined enemies on the other.

This idea of calling a truce in our wordy warfare and seeing in the meantime which side can in fact produce the greater number of good things—spiritual as well as material—is a much more practical idea than to continue living fearfully in a world that simmers with hate.

It is practical; but is it possible? The objection might well be made at the outset that to start thinking of a religious solution of our difficulties at this time of day just doesn't make sense.

But it makes at least as much sense as some recent official advice to wrap ourselves in brown paper as a protection against the rays of the atom bomb.

Let in the Air

If an attempt was made by enough people to put a halter on fear and war talk and to stop self-seeking, that in itself would drastically change the atmosphere of our world. It would be like opening the windows of a fuggy room where a lot of hot argument has been going on. It would go far to produce those goods—faith, hope and charity—which are as necessary to the over-all rehabilitation of Europe as the food and equipment of the Marshall Plan.

At this moment there are millions of minds sharing the same unspoken thought: that it would need a miracle to put the world straight today. It would also need a miracle to make a success of an ideological truce between Russia and the West.

But what we easily forget is that miracles happen.

The one thing which saved India from the continent-wide Hindu-Moslem civil war predicted by all the worldly-wise at the death of Gandhi was the terrific inspiration, sinking into the hearts of millions, of the Mahatma's deeply religious life and teaching. And though it would be a miracle if the rush towards conflict between Russia and the West were to be similarly halted, it would be no more of a miracle than that one which has actually happened in our times.

We have the inspiration and teaching, if we care to draw upon them, and they come from a greater One than Gandhi.

What would we all have to do right away to honour a truce?

First, make a private promise to ourselves to stop hating anyone we don't know. The ideal, of course, is to stop hating anyone. But ideals are difficult targets to hit.

If we shorten the range for this shot to a personal ban on thinking hatred of any person or persons unknown, we might well start with the Russians we don't know, those masses who are at present made as strange to us personally, by the deliberate policy of their rulers, as the natives of Tibet.

We shall not be promising ourselves to love them. We shall just be deliberately suspending judgment.

Second, we should have to undertake to ration all loose talk and alarmist generalizations. These bad things do great harm, because out of them the appetite for war scares is manufactured.

We shall not be promising ourselves to talk of the mythical Soviet saints in the aura of artificial sweetness and light provided by the home-made Communist. But we shall be promising to govern our tongues with something like the careful moderation with which the B.B.C. governs that of the man who reads the news.

Neither of these measures may seem impressive or dramatic; but they would be as valuable in the present jumpy state of opinion as the action of a man in a crowded audience who, at the cry of "Fire!" conspicuously sits tight and waits to see what is going to happen. If there *is* a fire those responsible will have a better chance of dealing effectively with it. If there is not, those who had their own motives for creating a panic—present Communist world tactics face that charge, anyway—will find themselves disappointed.

The show will continue—our show, civilization's show which, given this chance, is more than likely to settle down to a long and useful run.

It really depends on our making a deliberate personal effort to apply the sanity of a little practical religion to the lunacies of our time—hating hate, loving the truth, and waiting for truth to show itself, as it always does in time.

But there is another need, more positive, even more urgent.

It is for each one of us to live our lives as if this truce were now definitely on, and as if we had a limited number of years in which to prove that our western world really has something when it talks about Christianity. That is the new crusade we need—now.

Moscow housewives take time off. We've no right to gossip about them

A Million Pairs of Spectacles

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

They were needed for years but people couldn't afford them. Old folk ruined failing vision with cheap glasses. The Scheme's changed all that. Now there's a New Look for all

MRS. LAURA SMEDHURST of Rochdale Road, Bury, Lancashire, is ninety-seven. Whenever she wanted to read a newspaper during the last fifteen years she had to borrow a pair of spectacles from a neighbour. Now she has two brand-new pairs of spectacles—all her own.

She is one of the thousands of elderly people to benefit in this way under the National Health Service Act.

It is a reliable estimate that more than a million pairs of spectacles have already been supplied to people who needed them as part of the supplementary ophthalmic services available to everybody since July 5.

Nobody has got around to adding up all the figures yet but here are a few fair samples.

In the county of Gloucester up to September 25, 8,672 applications for spectacles had been received. By much the same date 15,500 people in Lanarkshire had demanded spectacles and every day spectacles were being delivered to 500 of them. The county of Nottinghamshire in the first three months of the National Health Service supplied 25,000 pairs of spectacles to its citizens at an approximate cost of £75,000.

London's Record

As in all things, London makes its own records. Applications for glasses have reached a rate of 1,000 a day which shows no signs of falling off yet.

It will be many months before all the figures can be added up. Meanwhile the ophthalmic industry has enough figures from different areas to estimate the demand for spectacles that will have to be met.

Before the National Health Service started, the output of spectacles in this country each year was somewhere between four and five million. Now that everyone is entitled to the spectacles they need, the demand looks like rising to about eight million pairs of spectacles a year.

Can the industry expand to meet this need? Experts say it can, though like every other industry there are difficulties. There is a shortage of materials, a shortage of the glass blanks from which the finished lenses are made. There are not enough skilled workers, and it will take time to train new entrants to the industry. More machines are needed, too, particularly grinding and polishing machines.

All this is costing a lot of money. Is it all necessary? I heard this question put to the Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan, a few weeks ago. And the questioner quoted a critical leading article from one of the newspapers, complaining of the spendthrift waste of the taxpayer's money. Bevan didn't even pause for thought. He said: "I should have thought newspaper editors would be the last people to complain about more and more people being able to read the newspapers."

Being able to read newspapers and magazines and books is one of the great solaces of old age. Yet before the war thousands of old men and women were denied this elementary pleasure, because they had no spectacles.

I used to see some elderly patients of mine pathetically trying one pair of spectacles after another at the counter of a multiple store. These were the only kind of spectacles they could afford. I knew they needed proper spectacles and needed them badly. I also knew that my own pair of spectacles cost several guineas.

One lonely old lady who was dying summoned up enough breath to ask me for one last service. Would I see that her spectacles were sent to her sister?

For far too many years badly needed spectacles were too expensive for the people who needed them most. So they were borrowed, inherited, bought for a few shillings secondhand or over a counter, with no hope of proper sight testing.

Nearly half the spectacles supplied before the war were bought over the counter. One group of chain stores alone used to sell nearly two million pairs of spectacles a year—the only spectacles that most of the people could afford.

Fitting was entirely by guesswork, and, although the glasses bought on the trial-and-error system did help a lot of old people to see a little better, the results cannot have been satisfactory.

Really Are Needed

Good spectacles were too expensive. Not so good spectacles bought cheaply were better than no spectacles at all.

All that has ended and it is very good that it should have done so. My impression, and it is one that every doctor would confirm, is that most of the million spectacles that have now been demanded are probably needed.

Something more than an impression comes from Herefordshire. The first 3,000 applications for spectacles were carefully reviewed there. Only three per cent of the people who applied did not need spectacles—and did not get them. Their apparent failure of vision was due to something that could not be helped by glasses.

Similar figures from other counties all show the same thing. Three per cent, or, in some areas, up to five or six per

A Before-the-Scheme photograph. Cheap, unsuitable spectacles had to be helped out by magnifying glasses

cent, of applications for spectacles are turned down.

In nine out of every ten cases spectacles will correct failing vision. If you have difficulty in seeing the number of your bus or in reading the credit titles at the cinema, you probably need spectacles.

There are two main kinds of defective eyesight. Long sight is a change which takes place in old age. The eye is not as elastic as it was, and it becomes rather set, with the focal distance farther away. The vision for distant objects is as good as ever, but a book or a newspaper can only be focused and read if held at arm's length.

The condition is not one to be alarmed about, and it can easily be corrected by the right kind of spectacles for reading.

Short-sightedness is quite different. Distant objects are blurred and a book can only be read comfortably if it is held nearer the eyes than it should be.

Try This Test

You ought to be able to read this column with a twelve-inch ruler touching your nose at one end and with the other end touching the bottom of the page. If you have to get nearer than that you are short-sighted, and you probably need a different kind of spectacles.

If you think you are short-sighted or long-sighted you should see your doctor and if necessary he will send you to consult a medically qualified eye specialist. The reason for a specialist should be obvious. Failing vision, in your children or in yourself, may be due to local changes in the complicated lens just behind the pupil and it may be that all you require is testing of each eye's refractive power and the provision of suitable spectacles. On the other hand, failing vision may be the first sign of one of several serious diseases.

Behind Your Eye

Looking through the eye with an instrument called an ophthalmoscope, it is possible to see the arteries and veins supplying the eye and also the head of the optic nerve. Only a medical man is competent to make this examination for you. He can assure you that the nerve is healthy — and not suffering from tobacco poisoning; that the blood vessels are normal—and not showing the early signs of hardening of the arteries; and so on and so forth.

Only then is it possible to say that your eyes are healthy enough but in need of the assistance that can be given by properly prescribed spectacles.

Parents often ask—how can I tell if my child is short-sighted?

Give the child a book with the right size of type. Then, when the child is engrossed in reading, watch unobtrusively . . . see if the child holds the book too close. The right distance is twelve inches from the eyes and the book should be held at an angle of sixty degrees from the horizontal. If the book is held much closer than twelve inches from the eyes then the child is probably short-sighted, that is, myopic.

Confirmatory signs are a perpetual frown, excessive blinking especially when reading, and a strained and worried expression. Usually, too, the child rubs its eyes and makes them look red and tired.

Short-sightedness is rare before the age of five. Then the trouble begins, soon after starting school, for children who have inherited not myopia but a tendency to myopia. The degree of short-sightedness then increases with each year of growth.

Don't worry about this because it is part and parcel of the normal growth of an eyeball which is too long. Myopes have the advantage later. When normal eyes are growing long-sighted or presbyopic, myopic eyes approach more nearly to the normal.

If the child is myopic, or you think he or she is, then you must seek expert advice.

One other question needs answering firmly because it is still asked so often. Will spectacles make your eyesight worse? No. This is a popular myth that needs exploding.

What happens is this. Your eyesight is bad. By screwing up the eye muscles and craning you can make your eyesight not quite so bad, at the expense of headaches, eyestrain and other disabilities.

Spectacles make your vision normal and you lose the habit of unnatural screwing up of the eye muscles. You forget about your bad eyesight and your eye muscles forget that they ever tried to correct it.

Leave off your spectacles for a day, lose them, or break them, and your eyesight is bad, neither more nor less bad than it was.

But you compare it without thinking with the not quite so bad eyesight you had achieved by straining your eyes and their muscles. So you get the impression, quite wrongly, that your eyes are worse than they were.

What to Do

If you think you need spectacles, go and see your family doctor. If he agrees he will give you a special green form recommending you for examination. You can take this form to a doctor who is an eye specialist. He will be paid £1 11s. 6d. for testing your sight.

Or you can go to a layman who is an optician. He is paid 15s. 6d. for the same service. His examination deals only with the spectacles, and is all that is needed in nine out of ten cases. The tenth case does not need spectacles, but is a specialized medical problem and may be a difficult one.

If glasses are necessary, a prescription has to be made out and the correct lenses will be supplied and fitted by a dispensing optician. He is paid a dispensing fee of £1 5s.

You can choose the type of spectacle frame that suits you best. There are nineteen different kinds. Ten of them are supplied free as part of the Service. The other nine are more expensive to make, and there is a supplementary charge for them which you will have to pay.

Apart from this the service is free. As a citizen you are entitled to take advantage of it for yourself, your wife or your children.

At present there are 1,126 medical eye specialists in the Service, with 5,821 sight-testing opticians and 620 dispensing opticians. There is a bigger demand for their services than there has ever been before, and that is why you may have to wait a few weeks for an appointment to get your eyes tested and a further few weeks before your spectacles can be supplied.

The National Health Service Act is not perfect—far from it. But it has one great virtue that is well shown by the demand for a million pairs of spectacles. It has taken the economic barriers out of medicine.

No Money Worry

Medical care—and that includes the care of your eyes and your teeth—is no longer dependent on whether you can pay for it. You get the right kind of care and the right kind of spectacles now not because you can pay for it or because you are on the panel or on the sick club, but simply because you need it. The extent of that need is well shown by the July 5 release of a long dammed-up demand for spectacles that thousands of people needed but literally could not afford.

Mrs. Laura Smedhurst can read her paper in comfort now—and the same applies to a million other people. At least one part of the National Health Service has already more than justified its existence—and its cost.

Thomas at the Fair

It had been a sheltered life for Thomas these past thirty-five years. Until the day the fair came to town ● *by Cledwyn Hughes*

WHEN THOMAS WAS BORN his mother had almost died, for in those days the nearest doctor had been in the next village up from Llawn. And that was an hour's ride on a bicycle, and the doctor was only able to come by fast horse and trap. But Thomas and his mother had lived, and it had been his father who had died. He who had cycled to fetch the doctor and had come back full of sweat and with ache in his stomach from all the pedalling.

He had drunk cold water straight from the pump in the backyard. The two extremes of heat and cold must have met somewhere in his body, around his heart perhaps, and he had sat on the mossy stone trough of the pump; sat there, fell back and died.

There had been too much fuss in the house, all the neighbours being there at the time of birth, to notice much what happened outside. The doctor came in time to bring Thomas safely into the world, but for his father he could do nothing.

And so, on the evening of that Edwardian summer, young Thomas had been whimpering in one bedroom and the carpenter had been next door. People say that it was the hottest summer ever known in Llawn village, with even the creepers on the south cottage walls shrivelling, no matter how much water was poured daily on the roots.

In this heat and sorrow was Thomas James born.

He went to school, became a grown youth, and then, as if the one adventure of his life was over, he went back completely to his mother again. She who took in washing and cleaned the school. All the years of his early manhood she would not allow him to work, neither would she allow him to play.

AND NOW his mother was seventy and Thomas thirty-five. He was never seen in the daytime and only in the darkness would he venture out from the last little house in the village. Night-time in summer, when all the scent of the hedgerows came sweet in the deep lanes; or perhaps in winter when the roads had the hard white crunch of snow and the little pools became frozen and brittle.

All Llawn people knew how Mrs. James had conquered her son, how her love had stifled him, made him helpless; and at this thirty-five years of age with no will or character of his own.

The Fair came to Llawn for the first time; other years it had passed through the village, with a long crocodile of moaning motor tractors pulling red and blue and yellow wagons. Llawn was normally too small a place for the Fair to stop and set up its roundabout and swings and sidestalls. The market town up the valley was the usual stopping place, the

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

"Don't like his looks," said the girl. "Undresses you with his eyes." Thomas just goggled at her from the horse

Fair setting up on the Recreation Ground there for the last thirty years.

But this year the Town Council had decided that it was vulgar and against the amenities of the place to let off the Recreation Ground to showmen. And there was no other place in the market town which was convenient to the Fair; either the fields were too boggy or had too narrow gateways or were too far away from the town centre.

So this year the Fair stopped in Llawn parish.

They occupied almost the whole of the field opposite the Level Guns. Daytime they looked romantic enough, with the colours of the vans and the gaily painted tops of the sideshows. But it was at night-time that they were in full blaze and glory, making their own electricity so that they did not have to be sparing with it, and having lights of all colours; with music echoing across the dark fields from a steam organ central on the roundabout.

Old Mrs. James knew nothing of the Fair, the Level Guns being at the far end of the village. She knew nothing, for she only ventured out now on a Friday, then to collect her pension.

The first night of the Fair, Thomas went out for his walk in the darkness as usual. Outside, standing by the dark gates of the house, Thomas listened, smoothing his face with the palm of his hand and hesitating a moment before he went back to the house.

He lifted the metal latch of the heavy front door. Called round:

"Mother."

Old Mrs. James came heavily from the yellow lamplight by the table, looking over her steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Thomas boy, what is it?"

"Come here, Mother, come and listen."

He took her out to the garden, pointed down the dark village street.

"Do you not hear the music, Mother?"

THOMAS'S mother turned her head on one side and listened. "Not I, nothing; only the howl of the little wind in the side street behind the bakery."

"You cannot hear music?"

"Not I, Thomas; music, did you say?"

"An organ, Mother, an organ."

She patted him gently on the shoulder.

"There Thomas boy, there; keep warm on your walk, the night air does find its way between body and cloth. There, have a nice walk and I shall expect you back in half an hour."

He turned away from her and pointed again down the dark street.

"There, Mother, can't you hear the organ now?"

She went back to the lamplight of the kitchen; he followed her in.

"Can't you hear it, Mother?"

"No indeed, Thomas boy, and even if I did hear it I would not believe it was true. How could there be organ music on a March night in Llawn? Tell me that?"

Thomas shook his head, took off his trilby hat and set it on the table.

"I can hear music, Mother. I think that perhaps the angels or the old saints have come to Llawn."

She picked up his hat and forced it on his head; pushed him by the shoulder towards the door.

"Be off with you, Thomas, for your walk. And keep close to the side of the road and be back in half an hour."

"But I'm frightened, Mother; frightened of the music."

"Be off with you, lad, or you'll be scared of the dark as well as of the light."

Thomas stood under the ash tree in front of the Level Guns. Behind him sometimes a slant of light came from the opening door of the pub. In front of him was all the colour and noise and light of the Fair.

It was the roundabout which fascinated

Continued on next page

"Topped by vivid mass of red hair," barefooted Quentin Crisp arranges art school sittings. Fee is 4s. an hour

LIFE CLASS

by Dennis Holman

When Quentin Crisp undresses and takes his seat on the "throne" he's following a great tradition

MR. QUENTIN CRISP clocks on at 9.15 a.m. He signs his name in a book kept at the door, and climbs to a large room on the top floor of the building. Behind a partition he removes his clothes, then steps out in his bare feet, up to the dais at one end of the room.

The dais is Mr. Crisp's "throne," and he sits on it, his body warmed by two electric fires, waiting for the life class to begin. To the uninitiated the sight may be a trifle startling. Mr. Crisp is tall and very slender, and his drawn, aesthetic features are topped by a mass of vivid red hair.

The art master or a student suggests a pose, and this Mr. Crisp adopts and holds, resting for ten minutes in every hour, with a break for lunch.

Mr. Crisp earns 4s. an hour as an artists' model, and he works from thirty-five to forty hours a week. His average weekly wage is £7 10s. "It is a job," he says, "for which you need no references, no training, no qualifications, no particular ability. Anybody, in fact, can be a model."

Mr. Crisp's modelling experience dates from 1941, when there was a shortage of males and he began standing in for other models who were unable to keep all their appointments. Later he took to going from school to school, getting his bookings direct from the art masters. They found him reliable, and this, as far as an art master is concerned, is the greatest virtue a model can possess.

Punctual and reliable models, those who do not complain of the draught, models who do not speak or—for that matter—think, are the ones the art masters are inclined to remember for future bookings.

For art instruction the question of beauty does not arise. All that is required is a male or female body for students to draw. Models are therefore of all ages, shapes and sizes. The women tend to weight, and the men are generally scrawny. Some are so old they fall asleep on the job.

Up on his "throne," Mr. Crisp is aware that to the students he is no more alive than a cabbage, and that if he spoke he would produce the effect of a cabbage having spoken.

Strike Any Pose

But Crisp has long ceased to care whether any attention is being paid to his proportions or not. Provided people are considerate about keeping him warm, he says he is prepared to strike any pose possible and hold it until it hurts. Once he amazed the class by standing on his head for twelve minutes.

"It's nothing to what some people have done for art," he says, and goes on to recall Elizabeth Siddall, who posed as Ophelia for Millais. She lay for hours fully clothed in a bath full of water. When the lamps for keeping the water warm failed, she did not disturb the master by mentioning the fact. She caught a chill, and her father threatened to bring a suit against the painter for damaging his daughter's health.

A model's body seems to learn rapidly not to undertake poses involving muscular strain. Even at rest a position soon becomes unbearable, but a model must not move for an hour.

Mr. Crisp tells of one model at the Royal Academy School. On the second day of a continuous sitting one of the students said to her: "But yesterday you had your left foot just a little farther back." Without moving, the model glanced down from her throne and said: "I know I did. And what a damned fool I was."

The older a model gets at the game, the less excruciating the extended posing becomes. Mr. Crisp is forty. Once, when a bomb fell on Goldsmiths' College, blowing in the windows of the life room, Crisp remained motionless. The students dived for the floor. Later they congratulated him on his fortitude.

"The fact is," he points out, "that after remaining in one position for an hour, it is impossible to make a sudden movement. Indeed, it is sometimes impossible to move at all."

Colder—but More Friendly

Mr. Crisp tackles private sittings only during art school holidays.

Private sittings are colder than the centrally heated life rooms in schools, but more intimate and friendly. They are seldom a source of regular income for the male model; and there are very few women used by top-line artists who make a living out of it today.

Models of beauty are seldom found working in the art schools. Pretty girls gravitate to the commercial art studios, where they are photographed, usually, in smart clothes, bathing suits and underwear.

For this work models are paid a minimum of a guinea an hour, with 10s. 6d. extra if they pose in the nude.

Stephen Glass, a photographer, explains how these girls start: "A young girl thinks she has a good figure and wants to make some money, so she rings me up and says she wants to pose in the nude. Okay, she comes along. If she is beautiful, I take pictures. Easy money, but she has to look good."

Some photographic models earn as much as £1,500 a year. They are typists, shop girls, art students, starlets, chorus girls. In twenty years bookings become less frequent and more arduous. The older a model gets, the harder she works for less money. There are no prospects.

For the truth is, as Mr. Crisp says: "Modelling is a job at which you can't get any better, only worse.

"There are more art schools today," he continues, "more artists, magazines, advertisements, photographers, more work and better pay for models, but the old atmosphere has gone."

He deprecates the sort of people that are now being drawn towards modelling; "We're the out-of-work and down-and-outs in general; ageing dancers, actresses who've never quite made it, film extras between engagements, and any cast-offs that can't or won't do a regular job."

Crisp is a model who genuinely loves his work. It is the only job he admits he has ever understood.

His bed-sitting-room in Chelsea is dim, untidy. The bed isn't made. The furniture is broken. Books and oddments are strewn about. There is a design for a book cover on the drawing board, and he produces a pamphlet and a few of his magazine articles that have been published.

He flourishes a white, manicured hand. "But I like being a model best," he points out. "It's working without having to do any work at all. It's scandalous without being dangerous."

THOMAS AT THE FAIR

Continued from previous page

him; the way the coloured dragons and the painted horses rose and fell on the brass, twirled poles. And centre of all was the glass-panelled steam organ, giving off its music in snorts and grunts.

In alleys around the roundabout were coconut shies and rolling-penny side-shows, tents with freak animals, a gipsy fortune-teller, and a long wooden building with a lighted streamer on the top—*Noah's Ark*. And in between the bouts of music a loudspeaker announced boxing tournaments in a marquee behind the roundabout, a hoarse, throaty voice calling:

"Come and see the Champs. Beefy Jones and Coal Black Jackson. Come, you strong country men, and test your skill in strictly regulated boxing. Come in. Roll up."

It was all a jumble of colour and sound, and Thomas, having the heart and mind of a child, could not resist it. He must see this wonderful, exciting thing which had come to the village.

He went in through the main entrance. There a Test-Your-Strength machine was having its top bell rung easily by a little broad-shouldered dwarf; he just tapping the centre plug with his hammer and the wooden ball rising easily in the graduated slot and clanging the bell.

The little man called to Thomas.

"Hallo, Samson, try your skill?"

Thomas shook his head:

"I have no money."

"Delilah took it off you?"

"No, my mother has all the money. Who is Delilah?"

The little man laughed, turned away and banged again with his hammer.

Thomas went through the crowd of village people and the men and women of the farms. Sometimes a finger was pointed at him, or some snigger made.

He passed the Noah's Ark, the gipsy and the freak animals, and stood just by the side of the fast-revolving stage of the roundabout. Above him the wooden animals pranced and the girls clung to the ornamental work, shouting and sometimes holding their skirts down over their knees. Farm lads rode back to front on dragons and the housekeeper from the Vicarage rode very sedately on a coiled-up mermaid. Indeed, this was something of a scandal in the village, but it appears that it was the only creature which could be ridden sidesaddle.

And this housekeeper, being brought up in the days of long riding habits, found it ideal; though she was rather fallen from high society and genteel only in speech and in comic situations.

But it was the girl who collected the money whom Thomas watched most. She was in an old pair of oil-stained flannel trousers and a high-necked, short-sleeved red jumper. She went from animal to animal, nimble footed on the whirling stage, pausing by each customer. Thomas could see that she kept the silver in one trousers pocket and the copper in the other. And she seemed happy in all the movement and the light.

Thomas stood staring up at the roundabout, following the stage round and watching the girl as she came into sight every few seconds. And all the time the organ was playing and the stage revolving faster. The climax was reached and the roundabout began to slow, the people to dismount, and with the last slow turn of the stage the organ music stopped with a wail of a last note.

Thomas stood just by the step of the roundabout, stood there as people came down and others climbed up. The loudspeaker was calling spectators into the boxing booth and through the quiet animals Thomas could see the two boxers side by side on a narrow platform outside the boxing booth. One was a Negro and the other a thin, one-eared man with a tattooed sea-serpent coiling around his arm.

The stage had begun to revolve again and the girl stepped out on to it from a little door in one of the glass panels of the organ. The first time he had seen her her hair had been tied up on top of her head, swept up from her neck and held there by a bright, long-toothed comb. In the interval she had taken out the comb, and her hair, white almost in its blondeness, hung loose over her shoulders. She seemed to sense its untidiness, for one hand went up often to the uneven ends and tried to form a curl around the fingers.

The roundabout had started to revolve before Thomas jumped on, he going to the inside row of animals nearest the organ. He sat on a horse, both his hands clenched around the curls of the brass rods before him.

There he sat, his legs loose and straight and he only taking a hand sometimes away from the rail to settle his trilby more firmly on his head. By the one side of him the organ was playing and puffing and on the other side there were the moving animals, with the noise and the people in the Fair beyond.

The girl came up to him quicker than he had expected. He looked down at her as she stood in front of him, her hair blowing across her face sometimes and she sweeping it back impatiently with one hand. She had a smear of chocolate at one side of her mouth and her bare forearm had a neat curve of sticking-plaster on it.

She snapped her fingers and after that held out her hand. Thomas looked down at it and shook his head.

The girl banged her pocket and called above the noise of the organ, "Sixpence, please."

It was a high-pitched voice with a squeal in it. It disappointed him, for he had expected that it would have been a voice of music, she who worked all the time in the sound of the organ.

Thomas bent down to talk to her.

"My mother has not given me any money. She did not know that I was going to the Fair."

The girl frowned and he could see the tip of her tongue coming to the side of her mouth to lick in the chocolate.

"No cash?"

Thomas shook his head.

"No, I'm sorry. My mother never gives me any money. I have no need of it."

"Oh, a big hulk like you, too. See you later."

She moved on to the others. Once she looked back at him and he waved to her, but she only stared past him to the glass panels of the organ and seemed to make

"... And then he said, 'How about you, me and a little home?'"

a sign to someone there, jerking her thumb at Thomas.

The roundabout started to go faster and Thomas knew that the ride would soon be over. A last swirl and the stage braked to a standstill, the organ became quiet and the boxing booth began to call again.

Sitting on the horse, Thomas waited for the girl to come to him. But the animals soon loaded up again and the stage began to revolve. Once again she came to him; she was sucking a little triangular piece of chocolate.

He explained to her again that his mother had given him no money.

She folded her arms, put her mouth close to his ear to speak to him.

"Hell, you sucker. Can't you see that I gave you a chance?"

He spoke back again into her face. "A chance?"

"Yes, sucker, the boss was oiling and forgot that I'd signalled him. Chance for you to hop it."

"Why did you want me to go?"

"Trouble. Can't bear trouble. Boss will spot you for certain this time."

"Is he inside the organ?"

"Checking the works and checking the customers. You're in for it this time, sucker."

She went on with the collecting and when the stage slowed down to a standstill he found that she was standing by him.

She gave a whistle, putting the first two fingers of each hand into her mouth and blowing.

A fat, middle-aged man came out with a slight struggle through the narrow door of the organ.

"Coming, Maisie, coming. I'd spotted the dodger the first time but thought I wouldn't bother."

"Thought you were oiling, Mr. Silks!"

"Couldn't be bothered to come out. But twice, eh? This 'ere man wanting all his rides free? What's your name?"

"Thomas."

"Thomas what? A bit of a doubter, eh?"

"Thomas James, sir."

The fat man spoke to the blonde girl:

"Given you much lip, Maisie?"

"Don't like his looks, Mr. Silks. Kind of undresses you with his eyes."

Thomas just goggled.

"Oh-ho, nice broad shoulders, too, eh Maisie?" said the man.

"Yes, Mr. Silks."

"What shall we do with him, Maisie?"

"The usual, Mr. Silks? They're wanting broad shoulders tonight."

"True; all got white livers round here."

Mr. Silks spoke to Thomas, laying one hand almost kindly on his shoulder.

"Thomas, we're going to give you a chance. By rights we should take you to the police. But we're not out to make enemies. We're going to give you a chance. Beefy Jones in the booth wants a partner. You've got broad shoulders. Take him on, Thomas. He won't hurt you much and they'll give you seven and a kick."

"I've never fought. Beefy Jones is not my enemy."

"Go on? Maisie, hear that? Broad shoulders, too. Police or the booth, Thomas, which is it to be?"

"My mother hates the police; I will go to the booth."

Mr. Silks patted his shoulder, after that pinching his biceps.

"Bit soft, but all right for Beefy Jones. Very gentle is Beefy. Take him round, Maisie."

An hour afterwards Thomas came out slowly through a flap at the back of the canvas boxing booth. His mind in uneasy memory of so much of his body exposed, the harsh clang of the gong, the grey wave of dirty towels and the yellow-brown of the dripping sponge tinged with red. And his head felt now as if it had been beaten with heavy hammers and there was a bruise under one eye which gave him pain at every blink. There was a distant unknown pain in his chest which made him take shallow, gentle breaths. He could hear the laughing and the shouting from the tent.

Moving along by the side of the booth, he fell over one of the guy ropes and dropped one of the three half-crowns which he held tightly in his hand. He searched a moment for the lost coin and then went on, dropping the other two into his jacket pocket with a jingle.

At the front of the booth the roundabout was just starting to turn again, the organ to play. He walked slowly out into the light. Under his waistcoat he could feel his shirt all rucked up where they had dressed him quickly.

Watching the roundabout made him dizzy now, and the noise of the organ made louder the throbbing in his head.

Waiting until the stage had stopped, he climbed on the step and called to the girl who was just about to go to the narrow door in the organ.

"Hallo."

The girl peered through the animals at him. Her hair was up again, she was half smiling. She called to him and came across to the edge of the platform.

"Beefy's knocked you about. Beefy always does."

Thomas felt in his pocket and held up half a crown.

"I've had three of these."

"And a bloody nose, and your eye will be black tomorrow. Better pay next time, smart guy."

"Smart guy?"

"Yeah. Funny a man of your age trying to pull a fast one on a girl. Talking of your ma holding the money."

"But she does."

The stage was starting to turn slowly and he had to stumble away from it. The girl was calling and pointing to the darkness beyond the last lights of the Fair. And she blew him a kiss with a wrinkle of her blue eyes.

Thomas looked beyond the Fair into the darkness. Then up at the roundabout again. A sign had been put up there: THE VERY LAST RIDE.

And as the roundabout gathered speed for the last whirl, Thomas felt suddenly frightened of what this girl might do, might ask, when the last ride was over.

He ran through the alleys of the side-shows. Canvas shutters were being put up and some of the coloured lights were being switched off.

Stiffly he ran up the street and knew that now would come all inquisition and that this night could never be again.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

LIAR!

YOU don't have to call black white in order to lie. There are so many almost unconscious ways of "walking round about the truth," as someone once put it.

You can lie by making promises which you haven't the least intention of carrying out. You can lie by concealing your real opinions in order to dodge the consequences of expressing them openly. You can lie by saying one thing and doing another.

All this adds up to rank bad citizenship.

We should take to heart the words of a great archbishop:

"It is one thing to wish to have truth on our side. It is another to wish sincerely to be on the side of truth."

by ROFFE THOMPSON

GOLD RUSH—50 YEARS AFTER

by ROLAND WILD

The four-month journey takes ten hours now. The gunfights, the wild roistering parties are a memory. But still the Yukon draws its old-timers

Klondike Kate, ex-dancing girl

Town with a past: historic photo of Dawson, Yukon, in '98 heyday

WHITEHORSE, THE YUKON, CANADA

THE PRETTY STEWARDESS of the night sleeper plane wakened me after the ten-hour flight from the south, and we slid down into what had once been the rip-roaring capital of the Klondike. The plane taxied to a stop on the long runway, and we walked out in the crisp morning. It was then that I noticed the old-timer.

"The last time you came here," I said, "how long did it take you?"

"Four months," he cackled. "And it cost a lot of money. It also nearly cost me my ears."

The old man was from this year's fiftieth anniversary meeting of the survivors of the Gold Rush of 1898. There had been 60,000 men in the Rush, at the lowest estimate, and one out of three made a fortune.

At this convention in a smart Canadian hotel there were still 600 survivors—men with white hair and shrivelled frames, but with a laugh on their lips and the knowledge that they had taken part in one of the greatest adventures of all time. They had brought out twenty million dollars' worth of gold a year—at the prices of fifty years ago. In eight years they had brought out 100 millions in gold dust.

The population of Dawson City, near here, was 35,000. Today there are 800 people living in a ghost town of reeling buildings, shabby theatres long since shuttered. You can still get a drink in the Yukon, but it's not like those days, the old men said, when champagne was flowing at twenty pounds a bottle and the girls were sporting diamond bracelets. One of them, Diamond Tooth Gertie, even had diamonds set in her front teeth.

The best happy-ending story of the great days of the Gold Rush was told to me by Mike Mahoney, a giant of a man now in his sixties. Mike carried a piano up the pass to the Yukon, when most men were dying from cold and exhaustion on the long trail.

Mike was an expert in the bar fights of those days, in which a man was expected to use his feet in a well-directed kick to the stomach. Mike brought out his first fortune at the age of twenty-two, and lost it. Then he went back and struck it rich again within three months.

This time he left the Yukon for good. He put the money into a good home for his parents, started himself up in business in Ottawa and considered himself the smartest man in the Gold Rush. At fifty he taught himself to read and write: "It was embarrassing to be a millionaire and not be able to write cheques."

Shooting of Dan McGrew

The bard of the Gold Rush was Robert Service, a bank clerk in Whitehorse, who put down on paper the poems that he dreamed of. He came from Monte Carlo for this year's big reunion.

It was Service who wrote the story of Dan McGrew and the shooting in the saloon in Dawson. During the reunion the old men kept coming up to Service and saying: "You know, I knew that feller. I think I remember seeing him shot that night. And I certainly knew the lady that was known as Lou. . . ."

Service sighed. He didn't like to tell them that he invented all his stories.

Klondike Kate is my friend. She was one of the dance hall girls of Dawson, and in her face today there is still a memory of the beauty that was hers. But there is also tragedy. Years ago she married Tom Matson, but he left her for the gold fields again and went back to see her only once a year, when she lived in the United States.

Last year, Kate returned to the Yukon. Tom Matson had been found dead in a lonely cabin. He was still searching for gold when he went there.

So today there are ghosts in Whitehorse and Dawson City. Both cities had a new and greater Gold Rush when the Alaska Highway was pushed through, and G.I.s in their tens of thousands waited ten and twelve hours in the bitter streets for a permit for a drink. They lighted fires in the streets to keep the queues warm, and they say the gambling was higher than anything known in the Klondike before.

In a Dawson City hotel, if you prise open the door to a dusty bar room, there is still to be seen the fabulous painting of six nudes, the Floradora Sextette. In most hotels there is the relic of a bar where the fights took place and the gunplay was heard during the violent days, but Dawson and Whitehorse are now quiet and methodical little towns.

One Canadian M.P., Harry Archibald, wanted to erect a monument to the bad old days. "We put up all kinds of monuments to a life of virtue," he said, "but never to a life of sin."

The new searchers after gold are using the bulldozer and the high-pressure water pipe. Tons of mud are washed away under the force of water, and mountains are moved by the bulldozers imported by young men who have travelled here in relative comfort, who don't know how to drive a dog team and who want to make their money quickly and get out of the Klondike.

The strictest control is on their findings and their sales, for the Canadian Government has fixed the price of gold at thirty-five dollars an ounce, and it cannot be sold on the open market.

In Whitehorse I met a carpenter who was invited to submit an estimate for the reflooring of a local bank. The floor was of wood and he considered gravely before he gave his price.

"I'll do it for a dollar," he said. "If I have the mining rights. . . ."

He took up the floor, laid the new one for one dollar and extracted 879 dollars in gold dust from the old planks. Today the pavements of Dawson are still of wood and there are marks still of the miners' boots as they tramped to the nearest bar with their sacks of gold dust.

The banks still have on their counters the scales with which they estimate the credit of a customer, and you can still slap a bag of gold dust on the counter and be sure your credit is good.

Undiscovered Fortune

Prospectors say that all gold is washed down from somewhere, and it is, therefore, reasonable to think that somewhere in the north there is a vast Mother Lode of gold. The Klondike, the greatest strike the world has ever known so far, may be a small affair compared with what waits for the adventurous farther north, farther into the inhospitable wilderness.

Break down the stories of the tough men who made the Gold Rush and you find that few made their fortunes directly from the finding of the yellow ore. The smartest were the men who saw that there was going to be a desperate shortage of food and luxury in the north.

Some set up rough shacks beside the trail to the north and bought the kits of the returning men, selling them to the young hopefuls at double the price. One man took only a sewing machine and charged a dollar for five minutes' use, the customer to do the sewing. Another man took an axe, and rented it out.

Mike Mahoney told me he once had a commission to carry seven chorus girls on his back up the Chilcoot Pass—and was only stopped by the Mounties, who said they would have fourteen murders on their hands.

"In any case," said Mike, "I wouldn't take them. They said it would be immodest for them to wear trousers, and insisted on going up in petticoats and furbelows. I wouldn't take the risk of them freezing to death."

Went to Bed at Eleven!

Fifty years after the great Gold Rush there is sadness about this vast country. Every year the old-timers of the greatest adventure of that decade meet and talk about old times, and this year they were treated to an old-fashioned waltz session in a grand ballroom.

But at eleven o'clock there weren't many on the floor. They had gone to bed.

Familiar faces were growing fewer, the old stories were wearing thin. Next year there will be only 400 at the reunion. The year after 300. Even an old-timer has to die.

One day someone *may* stumble on the Mother Lode, and then the price of gold in the whole world will be upset and a new generation will tear up to the Yukon.

FOOTNOTE: The old-timer in the plane that brought us back was thoughtful.

"You know," he said, "they might find a big strike in the Yukon again. But they'll never have the times we had."

The big plane swooped and we adjusted our safety belts. We were back in the civilized world, after only ten hours.

CONTINUING JOHN BULL'S SERIAL

The jacaranda tree

by H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

It seemed odd. All of them at lunch with this man Paterson whom they so distrusted—and yet, in the hour of crisis, accepting his leadership

THE STORY SO FAR:

PATERSON sends his native boy, Tuesday, to fetch Betteson. Like the other British civilians, Betteson can't quite make out Paterson, a recent arrival in Burma. They resent his unorthodox ways, the presence of a native girl in his bungalow—Nadia, Tuesday's sister. Paterson discusses evacuation with Betteson, then announces: "I want everyone here by twelve o'clock." Those summoned are Betteson and his eccentric wife; Portman (Paterson's deputy at the rice mill) and beautiful Mrs. Portman; elderly, starchy Mrs. McNairn and her daughter Connie. While they are on their way, Paterson sets off to organize the blowing up of the rice mill. . . . The Japanese are getting near.

AS PORTMAN FOLLOWED his wife and the McNairns into Paterson's sitting-room, where the Bettesons were already drinking long tumblers of iced gin, he looked instinctively up at the windows, to see if Paterson had yet hung any curtains there. He saw his wife look up, too, and then, as she saw the windows still empty except for the thin green cane blinds, and as she caught his glance at them, she looked away.

Her face, narrow and brown and very smooth like the rest of her body, and cool even in that heat and aloof with its slender ears lightly pinned into the neck with ear-rings of rather too large pearl, looked suddenly annoyed. And Portman could not tell if the annoyance was directed against the windows or against him.

He went across the room and stood by the window, looking out. He did not drink at midday and he had been the entire morning with Paterson at the mill, so that he had nothing to say.

At the mill the charges were laid; the whole place was ready to go up at a touch. It had all been very difficult. Half the Burmese workers had started to run already and the other half would be gone by midnight, when the charges were blown. All morning the tension had grown under the hot sun.

Dust rose across the compound in a little puff of sulphur cloud that was like a minute explosion set off by a spark of sun. It travelled on a breath of wind across the space in front of the house, disturbed for a moment the blue buds and the tender pinnate leaves of the jacaranda tree and then moved away, light as an egret, flying away and vanishing with a rustle in the dry bamboos of the road.

The dust only served to remind Portman what a disgrace the compound was. No garden, no curtains, no sense of the proprieties—all this, of course, was our friend Paterson all over. If it was possible to do anything in perfect defiance of all the rules you could trust Paterson to do it.

The Burmese girl, for instance—well, thank God they were getting out; so that there would be an end of that. Then the affair of Miss McNairn. That was grim.

He found it hard to accept the man. He sometimes thought Miss McNairn was well out of it. He was quite sure of one thing: Paterson would not have lasted long in India.

Portman often had bitter moments of disappointment at seeing Paterson in the post he coveted so much.

He did not mind so much for himself; but it was, after all, very hard on Celia. They had always wanted to have children; had always intended to; but now all that was over. It was not possible to have children on Portman's salary. It was simply out of the question.

On the other hand, he had to be fair. Paterson was a worker; he had a diabolical kind of efficiency—even when it came to blowing up things. He might spend a lot of time playing football with Burmese boys down on the waste land by the river but you saw the results in the mill. The workers took to him; the rice yield had gone up. He had even started to improve the roads on the company's land.

Even so, Portman could not like him. Nor did he altogether like this scheme of his for getting out.

All morning he had had the idea of taking the car and driving to Mandalay and getting a plane there. In five or six hours he and Celia could have been in Calcutta. The only thing that stopped him was the thought that Mandalay, after Rangoon, would be the next point of Japanese strategy. You might get stuck there. And Portman, unfortunately, did not share Miss Ross's sardonic resigned sense of charity about invaders.

He turned at last from staring at the dust of the compound, still and windless now in the hot noon, just in time to hear the voice of Paterson's boy announcing lunch and to see him standing by the door.

At the sight of Tuesday he did not know whether to laugh or to be more enragedly angry than he remembered being for a long time. What he saw seemed to epitomize for him all of Paterson's tactless and unconventional temperament.

By the door, splendidly smiling, Tuesday was wearing the whitest of Paterson's shirts. It hung down over his entire brown-cream body like the surplice of a choir-boy, giving him a laughing radiance that almost sang.

As she went first into the dining-room Mrs. Portman noticed two extraordinary things. Both offended and excited her. On the lunch table, with its cloth of cream Chinese silk decorated with half-moons of orange pink hibiscus and flame flower, there were glasses for champagne. The second thing was the sight of the Burmese girl sliding out by the other door.

Instinctively Mrs. Portman looked to see if she was pregnant. And in those few seconds she was almost sure that she was.

At the head of the table Paterson stood for a moment, with Tuesday behind his chair. Beside Paterson's enormous bulk the boy looked something like a smiling toy dropped there by parachute.

PATERSON arranged the guests. "Mrs. Portman here on my right. Betteson here, next to you, Connie."

Tuesday moved up and down the table, deftly holding chairs. Paterson stood up the whole time, a slight frown on his face.

With three men and four women it was rather difficult to arrange. It came out so that Mrs. Betteson, who was wearing a sort of crocheted white silk shawl over her shoulders, sat facing him at the far end.

Paterson waited for everyone to sit down and then said:

"I thought we might just as well have one decent meal before we go. It'll probably be the last."

Betteson, crumbling thin toast with pistol-shot cracks all over the tablecloth, said: "I say, I think that's stretching it a bit."

Mrs. McNairn looked hard at the hibiscus flowers, determined not to speak unless it was forced on her, and was startled to hear Connie say:

"How long will it take? Three days?"

"I should say a bit longer," Paterson said.

Connie did not speak again and felt rather glad; it meant that for three days and perhaps much longer she would be

The sound stirred them. Then Mrs. Portman said: "I hate to be leaving"

"Cholera serum!". Everyone looked up violently as Paterson uttered the words. "That's a bit alarmist, isn't it?" broke in Betteson

nearer to Paterson than she had ever been since England.

Mrs. Betteson let off a series of giggles that were like suppressed jumping crackers, and said: "Joe, look at that boy, Mr. Paterson, that boy of yours is a lamb. Joe, look at him."

Tuesday was serving the soup, quietly, almost with reverence. In a few moments there would fall on him the exciting and wonderful honour, the immeasurable joy, of letting off the champagne corks.

"Mr. Paterson, I think he's a godsend. Did he make this soup? I think he's a godsend."

"Yes, he made it."

"Did he? I think it's wonderful. I think he's a godsend."

Betteson looked at her as if she were a slug that he wished to press to pulp between his large fingers.

"I think he's a godsend. He's the girl's brother, isn't he?"

Betteson had to stop it and said loudly, leaning across Mrs. Portman:

"Did you do anything about the petrol?"

"All fixed," Paterson said. "The two cars can carry thirty-two gallons between them. We'll load another forty on."

MRS. PORTMAN thought the Bettesons, particularly Betteson himself, were quite classless. Betteson was the kind of man to be associated with an odour of onions. She turned from looking at him to look at Paterson and unexpectedly found herself transfixed.

"I suppose in a day or two we could rely on picking up a train?"

"Did you ever look at the map?" Paterson said.

Portman, furious, did not speak. He knew exactly how the one-track narrow-gauge railway ran north through the plain and exactly where it stubbed itself out against the northern hills. But that was no reason for saying so in that offensive way.

For a moment the room was silent, the spoons quiet on the plates, and there was no sound in the still, hot noon air except the voice of Nadia singing somewhere beyond the screen doors a few sad-sweet bars of some monotonous Burmese song.

In that moment Tuesday let off with a great bang the first of the champagne corks and the tension was relieved by Mrs. McNairn jumping and saying, in spite of herself:

"Dear, I thought it was a gun-shot!"

"It's only that lamb of a boy," Mrs. Betteson said.

Now that she had begun talking, Mrs. McNairn could not stop.

"When do we have to start?"

"Soon after midnight," Paterson said.

"Isn't that rather leaving it a bit?"

"I don't think you'll find there's much time. You've got your packing. We've got files to burn. All the charges to blow."

"Isn't anyone else coming? There's Miss Ross."

"I don't think Miss Ross will come."

"I saw her this morning. What about Dr. Fielding and that girl?"

"I shall see Fielding this afternoon. I'm going over to ask him for cholera serum."

Everyone looked up violently from the fish that the boy had served.

"Cholera serum?"

"I don't think he'll have any all the same."

"That's a bit alarmist, isn't it?" Betteson said.

"We're going to take a hundred gallons of water in the trailer behind the Buick," Paterson said. "But you never know."

"I still think it might be a decent long shot to go down to Mandalay," Portman said.

"Try it if you like. We had all that out this morning."

Paterson looked round the table, resting his eyes finally on the childish, tender, faded face of Mrs. Betteson, who looked as if she did not understand what was going on and did not care much.

"Well, here's to us anyway," Paterson said. The talk of cholera serum had shocked them all.

Everyone sipped at the cold glasses, pearly with film, so that the wine had something of the same diffused golden light as the sunshine seeping through the shutter bars.

"What are you going to take, Connie?" asked Mrs. Portman. "Things, I mean."

"Take as little as possible," Paterson said. "Warm clothes if you can. The nights may be a bit cold and we can always strip by day. Just a variation of the Swimming Club."

Mrs. Portman smiled narrowly and Paterson drank quickly after speaking, partly because he did not want to talk with Connie, partly because he was annoyed by the thought that a woman like Mrs. Portman had to ask a stupid question about clothes in a climate she had known so well for so many years.

THE champagne, in spite of its coolness, began to heat him a little. He felt the flush of it under his eyes as he looked down the table, and he suddenly felt a little more benevolent, a little warmer in heart, towards those six people.

It occurred to him that Betteson, Portman, and Mrs. McNairn, less stupid but more destructive than Mrs. Portman, and poor silly Mrs. Betteson, who in one way was less a fool than Portman himself, were really after all not so bad. For all of them he had only respect, touched by a little affection for Connie.

Yet for a single moment before he ate the last creamy slices of chicken that Tuesday had cooked so well he regarded them with a deeper generosity, a more benign detachment, than he thought any of them were worth. It was certain he would never see them like this again.

Tuesday took rather more time with the ice than he would have liked, and Paterson himself got up from the table and poured more wine.

"No!" Mrs. McNairn said. "No!" and covered her glass. "And I don't think Connie should."

"It will help Connie find a mind of her own," he said. "Anyway there are two more bottles."

That, of course, was typical, Portman thought. He sat rather upright, rather gentlemanly and aloof, while Paterson filled his glass. He was going to give no opportunity for any kind of remark to him.

So he was harshly shocked to hear Paterson suddenly say, rather as if he were addressing simply him:

"We'd better outline the plan. So that you all know where you are and where we go and so on."

"Well: I hope we all go together," Mrs. McNairn said.

"We hope so."

As Paterson began to make servings of the second bottle of champagne, Mrs. Portman found herself once again transfixed by him. He was trying to get them all drunk, she thought, and the notion filled her with some of the pleasant golden dizziness of the wine. It would be very pleasant to get drunk with Paterson, in a pleasant place, so that she could get to know him better.

"There's no way out of the country north except by road," Paterson said.

"Granted," Betteson said.

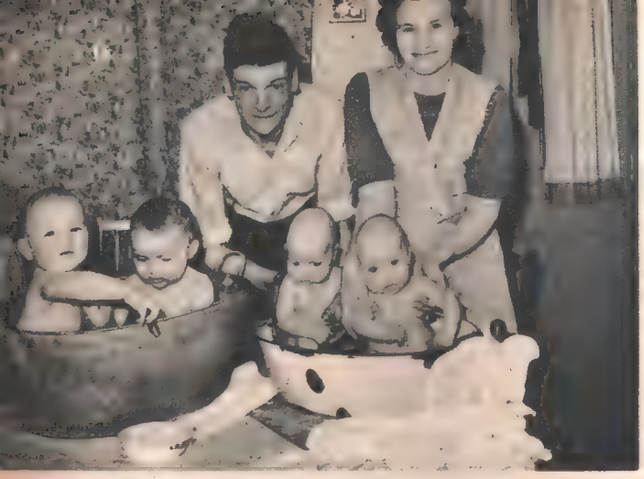
"Or air," Portman said.

"We have two cars. Mine and Mr. Portman's. Mine has a trailer."

Betteson was looking hard at Paterson, who sat with his glass straight in front of him, cupped in both hands. There was going to be a hell of a row, Betteson thought.

"I think we can fit a trailer to Mr.

Continued on page 18



Bath-time for Moulson children, all born in a year

Lilly twins in their Nissen hut home

Lyon family watch mother at spare-time clog repairing

FREE SPEECH

IT IS IRONIC that within a short period of the arrival of 2,000 American Servicemen in Warrington, Lancs, a few weeks ago, the American commander received scores of applications from British youngsters wishing to join the U.S. Army or work in American camps.

No doubt the idea of becoming a £12 a week G.I. is far more appealing than that of becoming at 35s.-a-week British Tommy.—FUSILIER M. LACHLAN-COPE, Royal Irish Fusiliers, G.H.Q., M.E.L.F., Egypt.

Young Americans, Young Britons

SOME TIME AGO I PAID a three months' trip to the U.S., and stayed in New York, Chicago, Kansas City and many smaller towns.

Mixing freely with people of my own age, I was amazed to discover the enormous differences separating them from their British counterparts. They are impetuous, zestful and their enthusiasm for everything amounts almost to naïvety.

I felt immeasurably old and cynical, for their lives are one long succession of "dates," "autos," "barbecues" and "hops."

Some say that the young people of Britain are too serious; but I thank God for serious, solid Britain, which is doing the world a great service by curbing the impetuosity of our immature cousins across the Atlantic.—R.A.F. CORPORAL, Gloucester. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Horses in Town

ISN'T IT TIME THAT horses and carts were withdrawn from our cities and towns? From my office window I see many poor horses struggling to pull carts far too heavy for them through busy traffic. Occasionally one falls and causes a road block; icy winter roads step up the number of such accidents.

They may be necessary in the country, but in towns horses have surely had their day and should be compulsorily withdrawn. The railways seem to be the main offenders.—J. A. D'ARVILLE, 46 Bladon Court, Streatham Common, London, S.W.16.

Mercy Killing

SEVERAL YEARS AGO my wife and my dog were taken ill at about the same time. The animal was paralysed in the hind legs, but otherwise quite strong and healthy.

My wife pleaded with me not to have the dog destroyed, but neighbours complained that it was cruelty to allow the animal to drag itself around for years, and so we had it put away.

Shortly afterwards I learned that my wife had an incurable disease and had not more than five years to live. She became paralysed down the right side and was in constant pain so that she bit her lips until they bled.

For four years she endured physical and mental agony, before the merciful release of death—yet not one person suggested that it would have been right and humane to put an end to her intolerable life.

The common humanity that one would show to a dog is denied human beings.—CHARLES MCGEARY, 14 Astley Street, Albert Avenue, Hull.

Four Born in Eleven Months

YOUR READER, MRS. GOLD, who said (JOHN BULL, October 30) that too much fuss was being made of quads and not enough of mothers with twins, was quite right.

I had twins on August 2, 1947, and another set of twins on July 9 this year—four children in eleven months.

There is no £10,000 fund for us, not five minutes' worth of help from the local council: just myself and a good husband trying hard to cope.—MRS. F. MOULSON, 24 Crescent Road, Bognor Regis.

. . . Thirteen Months

MY SECOND SET OF TWINS was born within thirteen months of the first. In addition I had two boys, aged six and three and a half.

There was no help for me whatever, and I think children of these ages are more difficult to look after than a set of young quads.

Now, I am a widow with seven young children, but they are at school and life seems comparatively simple after those few hectic years. I have gone back to work in a mill, and do my housework in the evening and weekends, as well as a few odd jobs like clog repairing and hair-cutting.—MRS. M. E. LYON, 12 Lilac Avenue, Leigh, Lancs.

Twins in Nissen Hut

COUNCILS SHOULD HELP mothers of young children. If it costs £10,000 to bring up quads, then it should cost half that to bring up twins.

I have three-month-old twins, and live in a Nissen hut. There is no heating and only a small cooking stove. The iron roof lets in water and it's a job to find a "safe" spot for the cot.

I am five miles from the nearest town and, as I can't take the twins by bus, I have to wait until Saturday, when my husband stays home, before I can do my shopping.—MRS. F. M. LILLY, No. 3, Site 4, Alconbury, Huntingdon, Hunts.

Mothers Are Lucky

I WOULD ASK Mrs. Gold to count her blessings. She is a lucky woman, and I envy her. I am a childless wife and there are hundreds like me who are as jealous of her as she is of the mother of the quads.

Mrs. Stella Jones

I am a housewife who goes to work. I earn £4 a week for myself, but I would gladly change places with her to stay at home and look after my own children, and thank God for the privilege.—MRS. STELLA JONES, "Manora," Rochester Drive, Prince Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.

Unwanted Baby-sitter

SYMPATHIZING WITH married couples who cannot get out together because of young children, I recently advertised in a local newspaper that I was willing to act as a baby-sitter at 1s. 3d. an hour.

I expected a flood of grateful letters from tired mothers and gallant fathers, but to date I have not had a single reply. Never let me hear married couples grumble that babies tie them down!—MISS BARBARA ASPINALL, 40 Southborne Road, Marton, Blackpool.

Surprise Packets

BEFORE IMPORTING FURTHER large quantities of American seed, samples should be tested. I recently had an unwanted crop of common groundsel from seed bought as "everlasting flower." And as I write I am looking at a tangled bunch of some form of weed grown from alleged parsley seed.

The few pence wasted is only a small part of the annoyance experienced after months of planning and work in the garden.—D. R. LEWIN, Brookside, Green Lane, Shepperton, Middlesex.

Trainee with No Regrets

READERS WHO CLAIMED that Government training schemes were a waste of money (JOHN BULL, October 30) must have overlooked my trade.

I attended a course of coachbuilding training at Swansea for six months. Just before the end of the course I was interviewed and found employment at a good wage. Out of four classes, each containing about sixteen men, all but one were found positions.

In my opinion the scheme is excellent and working well.—E. DAVIES, 17 Court Street, Tonypandy, Rhondda, Glam.

How Animals Travel

RECENTLY ON A RAILWAY station I saw a young calf tied up in a sack, awaiting transportation.

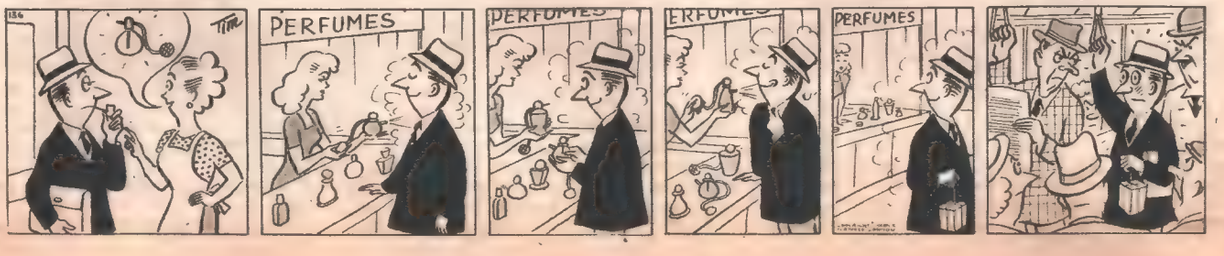
Its legs were cramped up and only its head was showing. When a platform trolley drove by with a train of trucks the young animal became so frightened that it almost rolled under the wheels.

The persons responsible for this outrage were lucky, because I couldn't find a R.S.P.C.A. inspector. It is disgusting that British people should behave like this.—SOLDIER, Oxford. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Worry's Silly—Now you know!

An American has a formula for stopping it. His book is a best-seller in the States. What's his advice worth here?

by JOHN MAY

ONE WINTER EVENING at the height of the American depression, two thousand five hundred men and women thronged into the ballroom of a New York hotel. They filled the seats, jammed the balcony and packed the passage ways.

This large audience had turned out in answer to a single advertisement in the city's most staid evening newspaper. The advertisement said: "Learn to Speak Effectively"; it promised poise and self-confidence as the benefits of a course of lessons.

A man named Dale Carnegie was running the show. In front of the microphone he marshalled fifteen men who had already taken his course in public speaking. Each had seventy-five seconds in which to say what the lessons had done for him. Then bang went the gavel, and the chairman shouted: "Time! Next speaker!"

The affair moved with the speed and high spirits of *Ilma*.

Dale Carnegie had been conducting courses like this for twenty-four years. But it was dawning on him that neither the audience nor the men on the platform urgently wanted to become orators. Their main interest was in the "by-products" of his teaching. They wanted to develop skill in human relationships; they wanted to learn the technique of getting along well with other people; they wanted to grow in courage, confidence and enthusiasm.

So, the next year, he brought out a textbook for them. It had the long-winded title of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. The first cautious order to the printer late in 1936 was for 3,000 copies. Since then 3,500,000 copies have been printed. No non-fiction book, except the Bible and Hitler's *Mein Kampf* has ever found so many readers.

This week, a few days before his sixtieth birthday, a British edition of another Carnegie book has appeared with a double-barrelled title: *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*. In America it recently beat Churchill's memoirs for top place in the best-selling list. The dust-cover claims: "This book may change the whole course of your life."

Dale Carnegie and successful student. The beetles didn't get *her* down

Heart Hunger

Carnegie's new book follows closely the method he evolved for the three-million seller of ten years ago. The golden key to dealing with people, he claimed then, was "heart hunger"—that craving to feel important and to be appreciated which is felt by everyone. Carnegie lined up witnesses who had said the same thing in different words: Abraham Lincoln, Sigmund Freud, William James.

Then he hammered home the idea with thirty stories in one chapter alone. The young criminal avidly reading his own lurid headlines in the tabloid newspapers, oblivious of the electric chair's horror to come. George Washington wanting to be called "His Mightiness the President." Millionaires financing Admiral Byrd to have Antarctic mountains named after them.

Finally, he held up shining examples of people who had successfully exploited "heart hunger."

The pegs on which Carnegie hung the other thirty-six chapters of *How to Win Friends* were all much the same; very like the maxims which our grandfathers wrote out in school copy books. "The sun makes you take off your coat quicker than the wind," so when handling others "begin in a friendly way." "Call attention to people's mistakes indirectly" and "let the other man save his face."

Carnegie, who started life on a ruinous little Missouri farm and graduated from salesmanship to lecturing and writing, had already realized that "you must play your own little instrument in the orchestra of life." His own "little instrument" was a gift for giving people self-confidence through speech-making. Today his high-sounding "Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations" has branches in 168 cities in Canada and the United States.

Whipping up enthusiasm is the first job at a Carnegie meeting. In the centre of the stage stands this wiry and white-haired man with alert blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. A typical American of Scots-English ancestry, he looks and sounds like Harry S. Truman. Platitudes whirl around like snowflakes in a storm. "Why worry? No matter what you do you'll never get out of this world alive."

At these meetings he listens to tyro orators by the hour. When a nervous starter at last gets going, he'll interrupt: "Honest, haven't you got around to a sneaking enjoyment of this now?" One would-be speaker fell flat on his face in a faint. Carnegie rushed forward and announced: "One month from today this man will make a speech from this platform." He did.

Carnegie has handled 50,000 students. Their confessions figure largely in his latest book. They make up the warm humanity that pads out the skin and bones of old saws and grandmotherly wisdom. Near the beginning of the new book comes a horrific warning of "what worry can do to you.":

"If you are a chronic worrier, you may be stricken some day with one of the most excruciating pains ever endured by man: angina pectoris. Boy, if that ever hits you, you will scream with agony. Your screams will make the sounds in Dante's *Inferno* sound like *Babes in Toyland*."

Carnegie threatens the worrier with everything from stomach ulcers and arthritis to hunched shoulders, falling hair, rashes, wrinkles, lines across the brow and rows with the family.

His cure for it all starts with the first chapter, which exhorts the worrier to "live in daytight compartments." It points out that Christ said the same thing in different words: "Sufficient unto the day. . . ."

Three Magic Steps

Next comes "A Magic Formula for Solving Worry Situations." It was worked out by an engineer when an expensive gas-cleaning device he recommended and installed failed to do the job. The "magic" formula has three steps:

1. Ask yourself, "What is the worst that can possibly happen?"
2. Prepare to accept it if you have to.
3. Then calmly proceed to improve on the worst.

Carnegie is not afraid of repetition. Similar formulae for analysing worries come up with different sponsors in chapters four and five.

The first tip in the section on breaking the worry habit is simply to keep busy. Carnegie quotes the case of a worried New York fruit canner who cured his "wibber jibbers" by working sixteen hours a day for three months.

A gigantic tree in Colorado that stood against storm and avalanche for four hundred years was destroyed by tiny beetles. "Don't let the beetles get you down" is Carnegie language for "Don't fret over trifles."

Carnegie eagerly co-operates with religion—which inevitably comes into this kind of book—by labelling prayer and faith in the Deity as the "Golden Rule" for conquering worry. He cites his own mother and father, quotes the psychologist, Dr. Carl Jung, and lists such hemen as Jack Dempsey, General Eisenhower and Field Marshal Montgomery, who pray regularly.

Carnegie spreads his net wide, dragging in much that is not strictly worry fodder. He misses out on a few obvious worry causes, notably drink and sex.

On betting, he says: "Don't gamble—ever. If you are tempted to play poker or bet on horses, this book may save you a hundred times—yes, a thousand times—what it costs."

Much of the book is stupendously obvious. There are sixty-four pages, one-fifth of the book, preaching on precepts as threadbare as a worn-out doormat: think and act cheerfully, forgive your enemies, never expect gratitude, count your blessings, seek the silver lining in the cloud, be yourself, forget yourself.

Loan From Socrates

It is easy to belittle this kind of writing. Some of it seems very near to "hooey," but most of it is elementary sense, the A B C of living. Carnegie once told a hostile audience:

"The ideas I stand for are not mine. I borrowed them from Socrates. I swiped them from Chesterfield. I stole them from Jesus. And I put them in a book. If you don't like their rules, whose would *you* use?"

He minces the tough meat of these philosophers to make spiced sausages. Insular British readers may find the mixture somewhat embarrassing—and thin. The pages fizz like mineral water with exclamation marks and enthusiasm.

Boiled down, some of the advice begs the question by saying simply: "Don't worry." But the essentials apply the world over.

There are thousands in Britain who want this kind of help, and though Carnegie may not entirely fit their needs they will go to him for want of a better teacher.

The question remains, can "worry warts," as Americans call them, cure themselves simply by reading this book? Can a slab of "calendar philosophy" change a man's life?

I took this teaser to a psychologist. "Such writing does, in fact, make the reader feel better," he admitted. "For a time he is able to identify himself with the ideas presented and feels 'This is darned true!' Then the effect wears off because, although the inspiration dispels the worry symptoms temporarily, it does not remove the root of the trouble."

Kick on the Shins

In short, the stuff is a kind of patent medicine for the mind. It relieves, but does it cure?

Carnegie's answer is: "We already know enough to lead perfect lives. . . . The purpose of this book is to restate, illustrate, streamline, air-condition and glorify a lot of ancient and basic truths—and kick you in the shins and make you do something about applying them."

On this basis, this or any book may change a reader's life. It depends entirely how violently he reacts to it.

THE JACARANDA TREE

Continued from page 15

Portman's car, too. If we can we'll take petrol in one and food and water in the other."

Something cunning about that, Betteson thought.

"I thought Mr. and Mrs. Portman and Mrs. McNairn and Connie could go in Mr. Portman's car."

At the familiarity of Connie being called by her Christian name Mrs. McNairn felt herself prickle into sudden heat; but that was the sort of outrage you might expect from Paterson. To be familiar and cruel at the same time, that was Paterson all over.

"That would leave Mr. and Mrs. Betteson and myself with Major Brain."

"By the way," Mrs. Portman said, "where is the major?"

"He sent word he'd gone over to the hospital. It seems there's a chance Miss Allison may come."

So that's it, Mrs. McNairn thought. Collusion between Major Brain and that hospital nurse and Paterson. She saw in it the designs of fresh humiliation. Major Brain was a charming character and Connie had spent a great deal of time at the swimming pool. Still: there it was. They were all in the same boat, humiliating or maddening as it might be.

"How many does that make altogether?" Betteson said.

"If Miss Allison comes," Paterson said, "that's eleven."

"Eleven?" Portman said. "I don't get that."

"I make it nine," Mrs. McNairn said.

"You forget Tuesday," Paterson said, "and his sister."

"Well, good God," Portman said.

His voice was so low that it was drowned a moment later by the quibbling flutter of everyone trying to speak at once. No one succeeded in making himself heard except Paterson, who said:

"Don't worry. The Buick will take seven."

"I don't think you quite get the point," Portman said. He paused very stiffly. "Once you start taking two of these people you can take a dozen. After all we might as well take our boy."

"Take him by all means."

"How many sisters has he got?" Betteson said, and laughed a little, thinking it rather good, but no one joined him at all.

"Perhaps we might go into the other room for coffee?" Paterson said.

They filed out of the winy diffused light of the dining-room into the northerly shadow of the other room. Portman went over to his habitual place by the window, where Mrs. Portman joined him, whispering:

"It's absolutely monstrous."

"I know. But what can you say?"

She thought for a moment of saying something about the girl Nadia having a baby but suddenly the triviality of it all vexed her.

She did not speak. She wondered instead how often Paterson slept with the girl, and then Portman said:

"The whole damn ménage must come. That's what infuriates me."

"I'm going over to speak to Miss McNairn," she said.

Then, in the moment of her moving across the room, Paterson said: "Everyone got coffee? Please sit down."

"May I ask a question?" Betteson said. "I mean, old man, quite frankly?"

"What is it?" Paterson said.

"You think it right to take these extra passengers?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't."

"You know what you can do about it," Paterson said.

"Well, that's what I was going to say," Portman said. He felt stimulated by Betteson's remarks to a frankness of his own. "There's no reason why we shouldn't split up and go separately, in the two cars, is there? There's no reason why we should go together if some feel it better not to?"

"There's every reason."

"For instance what?"

"We have the advantage of the two cars if anything goes wrong. We have more manpower. And in the end we can abandon one car and go on in the other."

"I think that's a bit alarmist," Betteson said.

"I don't see how that justifies your two extra people," Portman said. "Rather otherwise."

"They can cook," Paterson said.

"Oh! Well, of course——"

"We may be three weeks on this thing. You don't know. Nothing like doing it in comfort. The boy can cook and so can the girl. And the boy knows the country."

"Well, of course, if they're coming like that," Mrs. Portman said, "that's rather different."

Looking straight at Paterson, she smiled.

"What do we sleep in?" Mrs. McNairn said. "Do you want me to bring sheets and things?"

It was as if the whole notion of doing the thing in comfort had suddenly made her practical.

"Tents," Paterson said. "And I had the clerk type out lists of stuff for each of you to bring. Stick to the list and pack the stuff lightly. Don't bring sacks of souvenirs."

There you were again, Portman thought. You couldn't help in some way admiring the man. Outrageous in some ways, the way he treated people, and yet so efficient. He seemed to have thought of everything.

And in a way, of course, it wasn't a bad thing about the boy and his sister. A few rupees here and there would see you right. And there again you had to give it to Paterson. The boy could cook magnificently, and whatever else you thought, you had to admit that the girl, like so many of them, was beautiful.

"The car's here now," Paterson said. "One of the drivers from the mill will take you back."

"That's us, I suppose," Betteson said.

"It can take you and Connie, too, Mrs. McNairn."

"Thank you, but we could have taken a rickshaw."

"Better take the car. He can wait for you to pack and then bring back your things. Then we can stow everything properly here."

A moment later they all went out of the sitting-room to the veranda, beyond which the yellow-white dust of Paterson's untidy compound glittered harshly in the high light of midday and was softened only by the blue umbrella of the jacaranda tree.

Alone in the sitting-room the boy smilingly collected up the coffee cups, proud in Paterson's shirt, and from somewhere far beyond the mill, beyond the haze of the river and beyond the low fingers of dry bamboo that stretched southward on all that side of the plain, came the sound of first explosions, no more than uneasy murmurs in the heat-charged air, like repeated thunder.

Outside, Mrs. Portman felt the heat of the day, after the champagne, prickle up with unpleasant stickiness all over her body. She longed suddenly for the flower-fringed pool of the club. The Bettesons and the McNairns were already in the car and she was just in time as she called:

"Is there room for me? I think after all I'll come as far as the club for a swim. It's the last time."

As Mrs. Portman went into the Swimming Club there was no sound except the hissing of the fountain spraying from its scooped concrete shell at the shallow end. There was no one in the public rooms of the club itself or on the terrace or in the changing rooms except a Burmese woman attendant idly guarding the empty lockers of the women's room.

Undressing, standing for a moment or two naked on the concrete floor, Mrs. Portman felt some of the irritation, the heat and the clamminess of Paterson's luncheon party drop away. She stood for a few moments idly drying the dampness of sweat from her body and looking down at the long butter-brown figure with its triangular spans of white where the sun had not burned. She had always wanted the sun to tan these places. She had always wanted the whole of her body to take on the same dark pure tone.

Alone, with no one in the club except the attendant, with Major Brain unlikely to come back from the hospital, she thought for a moment of going out and swimming as she was. She wondered what Portman would have said to that preposterous idea. There were still enough white people in the town to make the story of Mrs. Portman swimming naked at the club have the effect of revolutionary scandal. It would jolt him terribly.

Nothing else she could think of could bring down so ferociously and so completely the image of Portman standing on his dignity, envying Paterson's managership, talking of his great experience in India or re-expanding his dreams of the dignity and the curry of the Bengal Club.

For a long time she had been tired of all that; but suddenly the shock of departure, the climax of all the life in the little town, seemed to have sharpened it all. It filled her with angry regret. She felt all at once that all her life there, the pretence of wanting children, the pretence that the salary would not stand it, the pretence of standing on the high rung of a ladder—all of it seemed suddenly to have been a hideous and monumental bore.

A moment later she began to put on her costume. The sensation of shocking Portman suddenly did not seem worth the risk of cheapening herself. She felt that there were simpler and pleasanter ways of doing it than by publicising the body she liked so much and she began to think, for a moment, of Paterson. There was something infuriating and odd and attractive about him.

When she walked out of the changing-room it was for a moment like walking into a world of burning glass. The pink concrete of the pool edge scalded her naked feet as she ran. The sky had the glittering hazy brilliance of full afternoon.

She shut her eyes and dived. The water had none of the shock of coolness that her body wanted. It was as if instead she had gone down into a tepid and relaxing bath. There was no exhilaration in it and she swam slowly to the shallow end.

She thought once again of Paterson and the luncheon party. It was practically all over, she thought. The whole thing was practically finished.

By another day they would be a hundred miles, she thought, up country. In two or three days they would be in India. In a week they would split up. She would never see Paterson again. Odd to think how different it might have been, she thought. Fascinating to wonder what might have happened.

She heard the feet of the woman attendant running, and then her voice, coming closer along the edge of the pool. She looked across and saw her hurrying along the terraces of flowers, and then, about twenty feet behind her, Paterson.

Excited and surprised and yet not moving, she floated rigidly on the water, feeling the sun burn her face and thighs and navel between the edges of the wet white costume. And then Paterson was speaking: "Mrs. Portman, I've come to take you back."

"That's awfully nice, but I'm not ready to come back."

"I think you'd better get your things on," he said.

Floating in the same flattened way, she

Continued on page 20

HE'S HIS OWN FILM BOSS

by HUBERT COLE

The independent producer buys a story out of his own pocket, picks the cast, plans the filming—then tries to see it all as if he were you in the one-and-nines

Havelock-Allan relies on own taste. There's no telling what people will like, he says.—*John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp*

THE "TYPICAL" film producer is nobody's darling. By disgruntled actors, wisecracking critics and professional humorists he has been distorted out of all resemblance to a human being. According to the legend, he is an intellectual robot; a fat, fey moron. And anything in between.

He smokes cigars the length of submarines and flourishes a gold toothpick. He says things like "Include me out" or "What? Only *twelve* apostles? Heck, this is a *prestige* picture. Gimme a coupla hundred."

The "typical" producer is, in fact, a composite portrait of a lot of characters who individually never existed. The genuine article is more credible, if less colourful.

Typically untypical is Anthony Havelock-Allan, who has been producing pictures for around fifteen years. He is tallish, quietish, fortyish. He speaks the King's English in probably much the way the King would like it spoken, with perhaps a slight North Country fining down of the "oi" diphthong.

Give Havelock-Allan the script of an unproduced film and he will tell you, from £100,000 to £300,000, how much it will cost to make—and be not more than fifteen per cent out. He is among the five producer-members of the National Film Production Council set up by Harold Wilson, and is one of the three producer-members of the Cinematograph Films Council (Korda and Rank are the other two). He produced *This Man is News*, was associate producer for Noel Coward on *In Which We Serve*, and in charge of production of *This Happy Breed, Blithe Spirit, Brief Encounter, Great Expectations* and *Blanche Fury*.

"There are two top jobs in films," says Havelock-Allan, "those of the producer and the director. To get to them, you must creep in somewhere at the bottom and work your way up by technical knowledge and a talent for handling people."

Taking the Blame

"Whether you choose to produce or direct," continues Havelock-Allan, "depends on your individual character. The producer is the chief of staff, the director is the commander in the field. But the producer is, in the last analysis, the man responsible for the finished film.

"If the subject is uninteresting, it is the producer's fault for picking it; if the actors give good or bad performances, the praise or blame must be shared by the producer who cast them in the parts; every detail, in fact, has been decided by him."

Film producers come, of course, in more than one variety. There are the "output men" who produce several films simultaneously from behind mahogany desks by more or less remote control; there are the individual producers who concentrate on one picture at a time, nursing it from start to finish before getting off on the next. There are the hired hands who work for large companies (as many as twenty producers to one company in Hollywood); there are the independent spirits who prefer to work under nobody's orders but their own.

Havelock-Allan, like Sam Goldwyn, David Selznick and Walter Wanger, now belongs to the individual and independent category. After years of working for other people, he has set up his own company and completed his first independent production, *The Small Voice* (with his wife, Valerie Hobson, starring).

The details of a producer's job change with each film: new story, new director, new stars, new problems. But the basic mechanics remain the same.

First comes the story: a play, a novel or even a few sheets of typescript. How much Havelock-Allan has to pay for it depends on a shoal of overlapping factors: whether it has been produced or published before, the status of the author, even the bargaining powers of the author's agent.

Normal prices range from £100 to £1,000 for an original idea, £2,000 to £3,000 for an original script (which details the action and dialogue more or less as they will appear in the completed film). The biggest price he has ever known paid for a story in this country is £80,000.

Finding the Money

The story is bought out of Havelock-Allan's own pocket. He decides which actors best fit the leading rôles and then asks whether they will be available and willing to play them. Being an independent producer, he cannot commit himself further than this.

He estimates the cost of the picture and then goes to the distributing companies in Wardour Street for finance. The distributors, who will recoup their investment by renting out copies of the completed film to cinema owners, may lend up to 100 per cent of the total cost.

Whether a producer gets the full 100 per cent depends on two factors. He must be known to the distributors as a reliable producer. And they must have enough money to lend.

In the past, distributors frequently have *not* had the money. Even to reliable producers they have not been able to lend more than fifty per cent, leaving the producer to peddle his story around the City for more finance. The new Government fund of £5,000,000 is intended to help overcome this difficulty and thus increase the number of British films.

The amount of money Havelock-Allan needs depends on the subject he has chosen to film. And the subject he chooses depends entirely on his personal taste.

"I don't know what the public wants to see," he admits. "I don't believe the public itself knows until it sees it. If there were any producer who could tell beforehand what would be a popular subject and what wouldn't, he would have retired long ago to enjoy his millions."

On a story which looks like having a universal appeal, Havelock-Allan would be prepared to spend £300,000. If it is unlikely to attract people outside of this country, £150,000 is the top.

"But you just can't say what an 'average' picture should cost. The trick is simply to get a first-class film for not a penny more than it should have cost."

With the story bought and the finance raised, Havelock-Allan gets the complete script written.

When the film is complete on paper, he checks the cost once again to make sure that the big scenes, trick effects and players' salaries will not take him beyond his budget. Usually there are minor modifications. Where, working from the original story, he may have estimated that a crowd of 200 would be needed for three days, the shooting script may show that the scenes cannot be shot in less than five days. But savings on other scenes usually balance things up.

Solving the Problems

The picture is now ready to go into production. Havelock-Allan moves from his offices in Hanover Street, in the West End of London, to the studio. He puts in longer hours than the technicians, arriving at eight thirty in the morning and leaving at six thirty or seven in the evening.

He sits in his upstairs office, waiting to give decisions on a variety of problems. An actor wants to know what is the precise implication of a line of dialogue. The director wants to follow a scene through on to another set and then return to the set he is now working on; is it possible to leave the first set up until the next day, or is the space required for building a further set? The leading lady has a bad cold and a swollen nose and can be photographed only in distant shots; what is to be done?

Each day the results of previous days' work are seen in "rushes." At these Havelock-Allan must forget the months he has spent in getting the story on to the screen, must try to convince himself he has never heard of it before, knows nothing about it.

Judging the Result

He sits back in the projection theatre and asks himself: "What does this mean? Is it moving? Is it funny?"

Everybody else in the unit is by now entirely wrapped up in the production of the film. It has become an emotional experience. They talk about it in the studio canteen, dream about it at night. They cannot shake off its petty problems. They are a crowd of embryo manic-depressives, subject to violent alternate bouts of elation and melancholy.

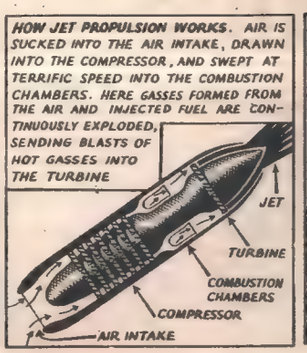
Havelock-Allan's task is to remain outside the enthusiasm and disillusionment, trying—though still in the film business—to hang on to the shreds of everyday sanity by which the finished product will be judged.

And then, one day, the last shot is in the can. The unit disperses. Now there is the publicity campaign to be supervised and the advertising to be plotted.

And, already, there are more stories to be read and a new subject to be found.

UNCLE ANDY

Jet-Propelled


HOW JET PROPULSION WORKS. AIR IS SUCKED INTO THE AIR INTAKE, DRAWN INTO THE COMPRESSOR, AND SWEPT AT TERRIFIC SPEED INTO THE COMBUSTION CHAMBERS. HERE GASSES FORMED FROM THE AIR AND INJECTED FUEL ARE CONTINUOUSLY EXPLODED, SENDING BLASTS OF HOT GASSES INTO THE TURBINE
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TURBINE
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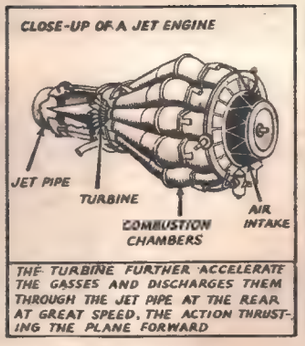
CLOSE-UP OF A JET ENGINE
JET PIPE
TURBINE
COMBUSTION CHAMBERS
AIR INTAKE
THE TURBINE FURTHER ACCELERATE THE GASSES AND DISCHARGES THEM THROUGH THE JET PIPE AT THE REAR AT GREAT SPEED. THE ACTION THRUSTING THE PLANE FORWARD

HERE'S THE JET-ENGINED DE HAVILLAND 108 WITH ITS SWEPT-BACK WINGS. RECENTLY IT FLEW AT 660 M.P.H. THIS, AT THE HEIGHT IT WAS FLYING, WAS FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF SOUND

THE JACARANDA TREE

Continued from page 18

talked upwards. "You're not allowed in here," she said. "You're not a member."

"I've come from the hospital," he said. "The rickshaw-boys are off the street. There aren't any taxis. I promised Portman I'd call for you and take you back."

"I've only just come in."

"I'll wait in the car."

"I'll probably be hours. Your champagne made me very hot. It's a fatal thing."

"This is probably a fatal day."

"I suppose that was funny?"

"It was very funny."

"Then will you stop being funny and fetch my towel from the deep end. It's on a chair, and then I can get out."

He did not speak and she heard him walking along the edge of the pool. Listening, she raised her body slightly as it floated, her long brown legs close together and her brown navel holding, like a thimble, a deep drop of water. When Paterson came back she said:

"You're really not supposed to come in here. You could be thrown out."

"This is the day when we are all being thrown out."

"I always thought it a pity you weren't a member of the club."

"Yes," he said.

"Anyway I make you a member now," she said. "My guest. I'll get out and we'll have some tea."

"I think we'd better go back."

"That was an invitation and you threw it back in my face."

"I don't think I did."

"It sounded awfully like that, but I forgive you."

She smiled, but he did not say anything, and in another moment she had floated in to the centre steps of the pool. She turned sleekly over and then stood up and began to climb out, stretching up her hands for the towel. He held the towel out for her and she said:

"I like to dry in the sun."

"I'll wait in the car."

"There isn't that desperate hurry, is there? Not really? I'm absolutely parched and we're going to have tea."

He did not speak. Suddenly Mrs. Portman called to the Burmese woman:

"Bring tea. For two. Quickly."

She began to dry her shoulders with the towel, feeling the heat of the sun burn them at the same time. She dried the middle of her body and then her legs and Paterson stood watching her, not troubling to sit down.

"It's my last swim and you're not being very kind about it," she said.

"Should I be kind?"

"I don't suppose so."

"What then?"

"We could be friends and we needn't be so grim."

She spread her towel on the grass of the terrace, between the pool and the scarlet beds of zinnias, and lay down flat on her back, to dry in the sun. For some minutes she did not speak. He sat down at last on one of the cane armchairs under the green-and-blue umbrellas that lined the pool, and then she said:

"Don't be so glum. Talk to me while the tea comes. Tell me about this journey. Is it going to be fun?"

"Well——"

"Am I going to see more of you than I've seen here? Or are we all going to go on in the same way and be grim and things like that? People always quarrel on expeditions, don't they?"

"I don't know, and it isn't an expedition."

"Well, whatever it is."

She did not know for a moment whether to be furious or amused, and then she heard the feet of the attendant shuffling along the terrace with the tray for tea, and she said: "How long will it take? The journey, I mean?"

"If you do as you're told, six or seven days."

"Does that mean me?"

"It means you."

"And what does doing as I'm told mean?"

The attendant came with the tray of tea, setting it down on the table under the umbrella. As she went away there was a sudden short explosion from beyond the forest fringe along the river and she let out a cry and began running, frightened. Slopping her shoes on the terrace, then losing one shoe and turning to pick it up, she stared back for a moment, terrified, at Paterson and Mrs. Portman, so that Mrs. Portman forgot she had asked a question and said:

"Everyone seems to be getting a little jumpy."

He did not answer, and it occurred to her suddenly that the attendant was running away. The whole place seemed oddly deserted. Over the fringe of trees the smoke of the explosion, dark yellow against the sun, flowered for a moment and then dispersed.

She stood up, watching it, idly fingering her dry body across the waist, luxuriously pressing the warm, clean brown flesh with her hands.

In another moment she was aware of Paterson watching her, and she was amused suddenly to remember how she had thought of swimming without her costume, and the thought struck her, half excitedly, that in an hour the sun would begin to go down. It was very pleasant in the evenings by the pool, in the hot tropical darkness, on the grass, under the scented trees, watching the light and the stars in the deserted shell-like water.

"Milk or lime?" she said.

"Lime," he said. "Please."

Something made her stand with her legs gently pressed against the table, as she poured tea. He sat looking flatly at her body and she wondered suddenly what went on, in that large bungalow, between himself and the Burmese girl. She felt excited by faint jealousy and wondered if it was true, after all, that the girl was going to have a baby, or if it was just a fancy on her part or just a mistake.

And suddenly, fascinated by it all, she hated all the idea of leaving, the disintegration of the life of the little town, the end of the pleasant parties, the pleasant intrigues, the pleasant affairs in the dusk by the pool while Portman was still working at the mill.

Above all, she hated the notion that she had missed something with Paterson. It would have been exceedingly nice, she thought, to have played with a person one was supposed to detest.

It would have been nice to have brought the impossible Mr. Paterson down a peg, to have found in him, for fun, some of the things she missed in Portman, too correct to excite or succeed.

"Why don't you sit down?" he said.

"My costume's wet in an important place and I hate sitting on it."

He took his tea, stirred it and did not say anything in answer.

"I'll lie on the grass again and get dry."

She took her cup and set it on the grass and lay face downward, her face close to the cup, so that she could put her lips to it and drink where she lay.

"It's awful to be going. This was an amusing place. You should have belonged."

"I suppose so."

"I remember the first day you came here. I expected someone older."

"I'm sorry you were disappointed."

"I was disappointed. Naturally, we all thought you'd belong to the club, and then you didn't belong and then, of course, it's never so nice."

"I found it nice enough," he said.

"Yes, but in all sorts of ways it could have been nicer. And now everyone's going and we've got this hideous journey and all the nice things are finished. It is going to be hideous, isn't it? It's not true what you said?"

"I said it would be all right if you did as you were told, and that's true."

She leaned her mouth forward and held it against the warm edge of her cup. As she sipped the tea, cat-like, quite silently, she felt the sun luxuriously burning the skin of her back and drying, at last, the fabric of her costume.

"It's odd about swimming," she said. "You go in to get wet and then you come out to get dry and then no sooner are you dry than you want to go in again and get wet."

"There's no time to go in again, if that's what you're thinking."

"Oh! there isn't that hurry, is there? Why don't you drink your tea and then swim, too? I could get you a costume."

"I've got to take you back and then still make one more visit to the hospital and then get the cars packed. There isn't time."

She rolled over on her back so that her body was flat and rigid, the breasts firm and tight as seeds in the white cups of the costume, and sighed deeply.

"Oh! that hospital. Is Fielding coming?"

"No."

"Is that nursing girl at the hospital

WITH MY FEET UP

To Him Who Waits

The National Council for Hotel and Catering Education has issued a leaflet of instructions to waiters. The waiter's motto, the Association says, should be "Service without servility." As far as my experience goes, nowadays it is more often "Service without civility."

I like to think of hints to waiters being compiled by an experienced waiter of the modern type.

His opening hint would deal with the important question of estimating whether the customer will tip well or not.

If an apparently bad tipper settles at your table, there are various ways of hurrying him out in order to make room for someone else.

Bring his second course before he has finished the first. Serve his coffee half cold so that he will drink it quickly. As soon as he has finished the sweet, hover round the table, start flapping crumbs off it, and begin to lay knives and forks for the next customer.

The customer who looks like a good tipper is also usually a good spender.

It is therefore to your advantage to help him to run up a big bill. It is a good plan to suggest some extras he hadn't thought of, such as sherry or a cocktail beforehand. Make a point of doing this if he is with a girl, because he won't like to refuse.

It is a good plan with any customer to muddle up the items when you write out the bill—that is, mark the price of the sweet opposite "Coffee" and the main dish opposite "Minerals," and so on.

This makes it more difficult for the customer who checks over the charges to detect where you have inserted the extra shilling or so for something he didn't have.

by Ian Fox

coming — what's her name — Allison?"

"She can't make up her mind."

"That's because she's in love with Fielding."

"Is it? I didn't know."

"Oh! these girls. These half-whites. The intrigues that go on."

A group of palms at the far end of the club gardens moved brittle fronds in the sudden breeze of air coming up from the river and the sound for a moment was like the sound of the attendant running with her straw shoes.

Mrs. Portman stood up as she heard it, but no one was coming and once again she felt the strange deserted brilliance of the empty pool. And as she did so she thought once again of the sun going down, the hot fragrant darkness under the hibiscus trees, the intensely vivid stars, the luxuriant and voluptuous feeling of cool grass on skin warmed all day by sun, the sense of mystery brought about by the scent of jasmine and the smoke of evening fires. And suddenly she was overcome by nostalgia for it all and said:

"I really hate to be leaving. All of it breaking up. India isn't like this." The sudden movement of sitting up had pulled the bust of her costume upwards so that the lower white edges of her breasts were visible like the soft rims of saucers. She was aware of it, and she was aware also of Paterson looking at it, but she did not move.

"Time to go," he said.

"Oh! must you? Won't you really swim?"

He shook his head and drank the last of his tea and she listened once more for the sound of the woman attendant running, but there was no sound and she lay down again, deliberately stretching out on her back, looking up at him with her mouth parted, and saying at last:

"Five more minutes. Please. It's the last time. I've had an awful lot of fun here and it's the last time."

He did not speak.

"Have some more tea," she said. "Or a drink. I could get the woman to bring you a drink. We could both have one. We could bid the place farewell."

"Farewell it is," he said.

Before she could speak again he got up and saying, "I'll wait for you in the car," began to walk slowly away.

For some curious reason, as she walked back along the hot concrete between the oblongs of grass and scarlet flowers, she did not feel frustrated and she did not mind.

In the dressing-room she took off her costume slowly and stood for a few minutes quite naked, as she had done when she had first come in, gently powdering her brown skin and then rubbing it evenly and smoothly with her fingers. The feeling of her own hands on her own body was as luxurious as the first feeling of sun after water or of water after sun, and when she dressed again she could feel her blood running tightly.

She went out of the club in a mood of tender excitement, telling herself once more how the journey perhaps after all would be fun, and how terribly well you could get to know people in a few days or even a single day.

It was only when Paterson had driven the car half way to the bungalow that she remembered she had left her costume from long habit in the dressing-room.

"We just must go back. It's my only real one. I treasure it and it was expensive anyway. It would be simply awful to lose it and we must go back."

"I'll send the boy," he said.

She opened her mouth to speak, but from over by the river came a series of new explosions, close and thunderous in the hot air, that smothered all she had to say.

To be continued next week

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

Then his daughter arrived, looking at us with the air of a duchess

When the wife's out

Speaking as a husband, I've been getting a little worried lately at the growing modern craze for turning husbands into perfect wives. Almost every paper I pick up nowadays seems to have something in it about husbands doing the housework.

My wife showed me a piece in the paper, the other day, stating that three out of four husbands now help with the washing-up (or so they say).

To cap it all, I've just been looking at what one of my woman friends tells me is the ideal Christmas present for a husband—a cookery book: *Cookery for Men Only*, by Wilson Midgley, published by Chaterson.

Men in the Kitchen

In principle, I'm all against a husband's doing the cooking. I don't believe a woman really respects a man who is forever fluttering in and out of her kitchen, with a little white apron tied round his middle.

The true recipe for married happiness, *I* think, is for the wife to do the cooking and the husband to do the eating—and then tell her she's wonderful. Provided he remembers that last bit, he can't go wrong.

It's a man's love and appreciation a woman wants. Give her plenty of that and I feel sure she'll be quite happy to take care of everything else.

Wilson Midgley says in horrified tones: "I actually know men who, if they arrive home in the evening before their wife, will sit down and wait for her to begin the preparation of the meal" when she comes."

I don't believe in being as lazy as that. I always switch on the electric kettle for a cup of tea before I sit down—in the hope that my wife will arrive home in time to do the rest. If she isn't back when the kettle boils I look under the bottom shelf of the larder to see if there's any beer.

If there's no beer, I turn on the radio to see if there's a good programme. Then I get out my slippers and start putting them on. If my wife hasn't arrived by then I go back to the kitchen and have another look at the kettle.

Sometimes I have a look at the teapot, too. And open the tea caddy to see if there's any tea. Then there's milk to be thought about; and sugar. There's a lot to think about; and it all takes time. Besides, the water in the switched-off kettle is by now well off the boil.

I wonder whether I ought to switch it on again, just for myself. Wouldn't it be better to wait till my wife comes in and save the electricity? All this requires very careful consideration.

If I don't hear my wife's key in the door by *this* time, something's gone very wrong indeed. As a rule I hear her coming long before I've been able to reach a decision. Her arrival settles it. I switch on the kettle again at exactly the right moment, and earn myself a sweet little compliment for being such a thoughtful husband.

I sometimes wonder whether this modern craze for husbands doing the housework isn't a sign that men are beginning to forget the arts of love.

America Started It

This modern pressure on husbands began, of course, in America. I can't believe that any man who has seen what it can lead to in America would want to encourage it over here.

When I was over there I met a business man in a bar one evening, in a town that shall be nameless, who invited me home to dinner. He'd got two women in his house: a wife and a grown-up daughter. When we got there they were both out.

He seemed a little pained at this, but resigned to it. I gathered it was quite usual. He led the way to the kitchen, saying he hoped I wouldn't mind if we cooked a dinner for ourselves. If I would cut the bread he'd fry some eggs.

Just as he'd got the frying pan on the stove and was breaking the eggs into it his grown-up daughter arrived. I'd got the butter out of the fridge and was having quite a time trying to spread the half-frozen butter on the very new and spongy American bread. His daughter stood in the kitchen doorway looking at us with the air of a duchess watching a couple of grubby guttersnipes making mud pies.

She Wanted Some Money

Her father began to introduce her to me, but she interrupted him to point out that she was in a hurry. All she'd come in for, she said, was some money. Her father was about to crack another egg on the edge of the pan; but, to my amazement, he put down the egg, muttered an apology for keeping her waiting and put his hand in his pocket for the money. She grabbed it and rushed off without another word.

As the front door slammed behind her I looked at him, but he didn't seem in the least put out or surprised. He just went on cracking his eggs. I resumed my silent struggle with the iron butter and elastic bread.

A few minutes later his wife came in. She, too, surveyed us from the kitchen doorway. Her husband had now got a panful of nicely sizzling eggs. He asked if he should cook a few for her. She shuddered and shook her head. She'd already had a good meal, she said, at her club.

She'd also been sampling some new drinks. And she wasn't at all sure they were going to agree with her. In fact, the smell of our cooking, she said, was already making her feel sick. She thought she'd go and lie down on the sofa; and when we'd quite finished our cooking and eating we could open the kitchen windows and come and talk to her.

I Left in Haste

Fortunately, I had the excuse of a train to catch. I quickly golloped down enough bread and butter and fried egg to make some show of enjoying it, made my excuses and went. He was then starting on the washing-up, looking a little worried for fear we'd upset his wife. (An extreme case, perhaps. But what a warning!)

This new husband's cookery book, though, certainly tempts a man to go against his principles. It begins from the very beginning, rightly assuming that the average British husband knows nothing at all about either cooking or shopping. Every chapter begins with the word "if." "If you go to the larder and find . . ."

There's a chapter, for instance, on what to do if you go to the larder and find cabbage; another on onions; another on what to do if you can only find the cold remains of yesterday's vegetables; and so on.

But the author—very wisely, I think—warns his pupils against any attempt to cook surprises for the wife. Women cooks, he says, are sure to be critical.

He advises you to wait till you've got the kitchen—or better still, the whole house—to yourself. This will give you a chance to cook your surprise, *and* eat it (or otherwise dispose of it), before your wife gets back.

If she does ask awkward questions then (on account of the strange smell or something), you can always say: "I cooked it, I ate it myself and I enjoyed it." And no one can say you didn't.

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The wolf turned, flexing itself to spring, but now the rams were in a temper

Twins by Force

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

Who knew what slaughter was going on in those mist-shrouded fells? Something had to be done about it—and done quickly

OLD HARRY PORTER had left the clipping of his ten rams to the last. The shorn and goat-like ewes and shearlings, a mixture of Swaledales and Herdwicks, were already back on the fells, showing up in pale nakedness against the green foam of the brackens and the swart sepia of scree and rock.

When I suggested giving him a hand with the rams, he asked me to come round about six in the evening.

He believes in shutting them up for half a day before clipping. That gives their full stomachs a chance to digest the grass and disperse the gases. They grow surprisingly fat on these upthrust Cumbrian slopes, and to take one straight from the fells and hug it in the tight grip demanded by clipping is to risk breaking a blood vessel in the struggling animal.

Opening the door of the shippon, I grabbed the nearest ram, swung a leg over it, held it by the base of the horns, and started shoving it towards where Harry was sitting in the open doorway of the barn. Nearby lay a pot of red smit for daubing on his flock-mark — a line over the withers and a blob above the tail—and some oily rags for tying up the legs.

Harry began to chuckle. "Ay," he said, half to himself. He always uses the word to preface any remark he is about to make. "Yon an' another were heroes towards last back-end. Ay."

There was a story coming, sure enough, in his own good time. I tied the ram's legs and heaved it on to his waiting lap, and he clicked the blades of the shears a few times, as if to flex his finger muscles. His eyes, blue and far-seeing, stared towards the peaks, which were quiet under the rather washy evening sunshine.

I waited to hear how two of his rams had ever managed to become local heroes.

As usual, he started off in a slow, indirect fashion, by talking about his rheumatism. A bad bout of it had got hold of him just before the first dipping last year, and he had had to leave most of the job to his shepherd, Tom Tryson. Tom knaad his work, ay, but he was gey careless. It is easy to miscount a sizeable flock, and that may well mean the death of the undipped, because bluebottles lay their eggs in the fleece, and in a muggy summer the maggots hatch out and grow quickly, and in a mere few days they can eat a sheep into a skeleton of wool and bone.

Tom had used the new D.D.T. dip, a godsend to fell-farmers unable to check up frequently on their far-scattered flocks, as its effect lasts so much longer than the older varieties.

He had watched bluebottles and flies alight on the sheep, and then veer off drunkenly, rubbing their legs, and had come into the kitchen and told the chair-ridden Harry that every animal was safe. Harry raised a query about the rams, and Tom nodded firmly.

"Ay, a' tups is dipped."

He was wrong. He had missed two.

BUT they didn't find that out for a long while afterwards. When they gathered later for clipping they were two rams short. Harry was not unduly worried. Even these heath-bred Herdwicks have a tendency to stray long miles on occasion. Maybe they had wandered into the roughness above Wastdale. A chilly spell had set in, and they would come to no harm in their unclipped jackets.

They could be gathered in August, the time to bring the rams down to the home fields and chain them in pairs.

They found them all right in due course, and the complete ten, chivvied by the dogs, came clattering down the stony rake at the back of the farm, and were given the honour of a field per pair, for the hay making was over. Strangers in the dale get puzzled at the sight of these chain-linked rams browsing on the low ground like disgruntled Siamese twins, while the ladies of the tribe remain in freedom on the craggy heights.

The reason is powerful. By August the breeding instinct is generating its annual, restless urge, and if the rams were left to their Don Juan desires on the fells, there would be a crop of lambs born into the savagery of mid-winter among the harsh desolation two thousand feet up, with foxes lurking to snatch them away, and crows watching to peck out their tongues and eyes.

The only thing to do is to frustrate the ram for a carefully calculated while. Full of aggression and fierce yearning, he could easily jump the dry stone walls surrounding the home fields. So he is linked to another of his kind, and they hinder each other just sufficiently to keep themselves prisoners of the dale, grazing in irritable snatches.

The very afternoon they were brought down the weather turned humid and stuffy.

"Ay, 'twere laike poultice," Harry described it.

THERE was no wind. The ridges became smeary and the tops looked as if they had been cut out of dark, wet sponge. The full-grown brackens stood very still, as if listening for some warning sound. The mutter of the becks slithering down the fell-breasts stressed the undertone of silence.

It was dreary weather, and bad for his rheumatism. But he had promised himself the treat of attending a farm sale over the border in Dumfries on the Monday, and rheumatism or no he meant to get there somehow, although he could scarcely hobble across his own yard.

A hired car collected him at midday on the Monday to take him to Ravengarth Station, nine miles away. They had scarcely turned out into the dale road when he saw something that made him bawl at the driver to stop.

There in Tup Close, the second field on the right, were a couple of chained rams rubbing themselves for all they were worth against the sharp edge of a boulder. Harry stared, and cursed severely. That frantic rubbing meant one thing. They had maggots.

Either they had been insufficiently dipped, or not dipped at all. The chilly spell must have delayed the breeding of the blowflies, and the last few steamy days had acted like an incubator.

He looked around for Tom, spied him cleaning the separator in the outhouse attached to the byre, and bellowed at him to come across.

"Tha feckless fule," he told him. "Look yonder."

"Ay," said Tom, and shuffled uneasily.

"Them tups was nay dipped."

"Ah'd have sworn ah dipped every one."

"Tha kind of swearing has nay valee," said Harry, in his bluntest manner. "This is way to swear." Firmly, but without malice, he told Tom several things he thought about him, and then went on to issue instructions. The two rams were to be dipped at once. It was a queer time to dip, but better late than never. Next, Tom was to cut away the fleece around the affected parts and apply Stockholm tar.

Harry had always been a great believer in Stockholm tar, once using it on his own arm during a touch of skin disease.

"Ay," said Tom obediently.

"At once, mind tha," repeated Harry, and continued his drive to the station.

If he could have guessed what was going on in Tom's mind he would have hopped out of the car despite his lameness and stood over him while he did the job. A circus had come to Ravengarth for one day. Tom had decided to go to

the two o'clock performance, and he had no intention of getting there late, and without his dinner. The rams would have to wait until after the circus. A matter of four hours would make no odds.

Tom had got out his bike and cycled down to Ravengarth. There he found more excitement than he had bargained for. He saw a big crowd of people gathered between the vans forming the circus menagerie, and two policemen.

Outside one of the vans the crowd was particularly dense. He edged his way through, and, like most of them, gazed open-mouthed at a travelling cage with one broken bar. Gradually he picked up the gist of the news. The occupant of the cage had been a Canadian timber-wolf, escaped an hour previously.

He bumped into a friend among the crowd and learned more. The timber-wolf weighed 190 pounds, and could pull down a horse. They reckoned, he said, it might have made off in the direction of the fells, and added with a grin:

"Likely tha'll look out for thasel', Tom."

Tom grinned, too, not altogether happily. He was not considering his own safety, but the helpless sheep on the heights.

However, as there was nothing he could do he went into the main tent and enjoyed the first performance. He came out to find the smeary sky thickening into mist. He mounted his bike and rode back with a watchful alertness.

With his afternoon's pleasure behind him, he was intending to deal with those two rams even before he swallowed a cup of tea. But when he got there the cupboard was bare.

Nothing stirred upon the small two acres of Tup Close except the scut of a startled rabbit and the stiff gawkiness of a heron rising from the corner where the draining beck passes under the wall. A shallow gap showed at the top of the wall bordering the road. A dozen small boulders glistened below it.

That told him all he wanted to know, and it was unpleasant enough. The frustration of the breeding urge and the maddening goad of the maggots had driven the rams to extra effort. They had cleared the wall in a duet, kicking off some of the top stones.

He glanced around at the shrouding mistiness. He could scarcely make out the intake walls on the lower fell-breasts. With little hope he fetched two of the dogs: "E-Nell! E-Gyp! Cope, co-ope!"

They wandered for a couple of hours among the dripping brackens and dully glistening rocks. In the end he had to admit he was beat. Those rams would be in a rank bad humour, savage under the spur of the maggots, and maybe they had got well into the tangle of Birker Fell. Until the mist lifted. . . .

He thought uneasily of the escaped timber-wolf as well, and made his way back to the road. Likely somebody would lose a deal of sheep, and with ewes at sixty shillings apiece, and lambs getting big enough to be hogs, and fetching thirty-five, that was nothing to laugh at.

The mist was thicker next morning. A glance at it told him how hopeless it would be to start out on a blind search. A man who knew these fells like the back of his hand would be asking for trouble to go on high and wander about. Shapes looked different in mist, and it would be easy to go over a sudden edge and break a leg, or a neck.

During the day neighbours and rumour came along to him. Joe Wilson had heard a frightful howling in the night. Ted Leece had had a glimpse of something big loping into a spinney by the river. The Master of the Eskdale and Ennerdale Hounds had been asked to turn the hunt on the wolf, and answered that 'twas nay use tae louse hounds on sicca blind day.

Tom started uncomfortably counting the hours until four o'clock, when Harry was due back. In a dim, groping fashion he tried to console himself with the argument that the desperate news about the roving wolf would put in the shade his own neglect of the rams.

He filled in the time with odd jobs, such as mending the broken wall, sharpening and setting the bushman's saw until a balanced needle rolled evenly along the teeth, and adjusting the worn snecks on two or three gates.

The hired car came whirring up the misty road. Five minutes later Harry was listening to a very long story about the wolf and a very short one about the rams. He looked up at Tom, and Tom scraped the steel caulkers of his boots on the kitchen flags, and averted his eyes.

"Call thasel' shepherd?" said Harry, in a voice that made Tom feel six inches low.

To Tom's immense relief, a diversion arrived in the shape of Ted Leece. He brought details of an organized drive against the wolf, to be put in hand directly the mist lifted. The talk turned to the slaughter that might be going on upon those blinded fells. Translated into rationing terms of ten penn'orth of meat, it was a sobering thought.

The mist darkened into real night, and slowly the night thinned into a woolly dawn. Hopeful signs stirred in the half-light. Grey wisps draped across the lower fell-breasts began to drift and rise. Down the dale a ribbon of pale brilliance formed in the direction of the sea. The leaves of a rowan were quivering slightly.

When the ridge of Birker Fell asserted itself as a clear barrier, and Harry could see the whole descent of Birker Force, a waterfall that comes down through a V-shaped nick in the granite, changing quite suddenly from a string of rocky pools into an almost sheer drop of some fifty feet, and changing again into a series of long, frothing steps for the next six hundred, to the floor of the dale.

He could see something else, too, and he grabbed his field-glasses, and made out a large, sinewy shape prowling down the heathery bank above the pools. It was the best part of half a mile away, a long shot even for a Service rifle.

The wolf was going down to drink. It was perched on a tongue of rock above the fall. Harry would have given the value of his year's clip to be twenty yards from it with a twelve-bore. Anyhow, it was something to know the rough whereabouts of the beast. The drive would waste no time moving off in the wrong direction.

More movement crossed into the orbit of his glasses. They were powerful enough to show him the swelling curves of two pairs of horns and the matting of dun fleece above the darkness of the heather. His two errant rams were up there, and they were staring at the wolf.

The rest of it was not so surprising to Harry. Rams that will butt each other like jousting knights in the breeding season, and sometimes charge a human being, might be spurred by the irritation of maggots to let fly at the Devil himself. They simply bucketed down into the pool, heads lowered, straight at the wolf.

The wolf turned. It was at a disadvantage on that wet rock. As it flexed itself to spring the flattened curves of two pairs of horns caught it on the flank, and behind those horns was the lunging thrust of two rams weighing about eighty-four pounds apiece.

The wolf went backwards, plop into the centre current of the pool. There was no more hope for it. A second afterwards it was spewed over the granite edge, and shot down through a mist of spray on to the boulders fifty feet beneath.

After that, Harry told me, the rams stood at the edge of the pool for a while, jostling each other savagely. They were in a hell of a temper.

Winners are given the cold shoulder

by ANGUS RICHARDS

A horse may always win but unless he's blue-blooded he gets no mention in the Turf "Debrett"—at present

On the door of No. 15 Cavendish Square, just round the corner from Harley Street, London, are two brass plates bearing the names of Messrs. Weatherby & Sons (hours of business: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.) and the Secretary to the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Club.

Both brass plates refer to the same individual: spare, grey-moustached, bespectacled, sixty-year-old Francis Weatherby, editor and publisher of the *Racing Calendar* and the *General Stud Book*. Weatherby is to the turf what Wisden is to cricket; and to thoroughbred horses what Debrett is to the peerage. In the course of 175 years the Weatherbys have established themselves as the permanent civil servants of the turf.

A million pounds in winning stake money passes through the hands of the Jockey Club yearly: it is the Weatherbys who are responsible for it.

It is the Weatherbys who issue all jockeys', trainers' and racing officials' licences and approve and register all owners' racing colours and the names of their horses.

Every four years the Weatherbys publish a new edition of the *General Stud Book* at £2 10s. a copy. In their weekly *Racing Calendar* they advertise all race meetings, give details of programmes and publish all results.

The Vulgar Pound

The firm's telephone number is not found in the directory. The vulgar pound is ignored; all business is conducted in sovereigns. The officials of the firm, including Francis's two nephews, Will and Peter, do not appreciate publicity.

But Mr. Francis and Will and Peter came into the news earlier this year and are likely to stay suspended there until the problem of the *General Stud Book* has been solved.

The *Stud Book* is a publication first produced at the end of the eighteenth century by James, the original racing Weatherby. He compiled a list of horses whom he considered to be of pure racing blood.

These thoroughbreds were all descended from the Eastern sires imported by Cromwell and the Arabian mares brought in by Charles II. Succeeding generations of Weatherbys kept track of the succeeding generations of horses, tracing their lineage back to important "tap root" mares such as Old Bald Peg, Snorting Bess and Grey Whynot, and such outstanding sires as the Darley Arabian.

Today, every thoroughbred horse in the world is descended from one of three sires in the male line, each of them an Arabian, and from some twenty-five to thirty mares in the female line. No horse which cannot prove such descent is admitted to the *General Stud Book*; no horse which is not admitted to the *General Stud Book* can claim to be a thoroughbred.

Without the *General Stud Book*, the British thoroughbred racehorse would probably never have gained its world supremacy as bloodstock. Unfortunately, all the horses are not conforming to the rules. Those with long pedigrees in the *Stud Book* have recently been beaten quite frequently by outsiders of whom the Weatherbys have never officially heard.

My Babu, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Black Tarquin, and Arbar, champion of Europe, are examples of the many great horses who have been refused admission to the *Stud Book* because their ancestry cannot be traced without a flaw on both sire's and dam's side to "horses and mares themselves already accepted in earlier volumes of the book."

Living in the Past

The suspicion grows that many of the horses outside the *General Stud Book* should be in it; some who are in it should be out. The book itself may need revising if it is not to become a sort of equine *Almanach de Gotha*, recording the ancestry of illustrious but *effete* horses with great pasts but no discernible future.

So, in July, the Jockey Club was persuaded by Weatherbys themselves to set up a special committee to consider the propriety of widening the scope of the oldest and most complete of all thoroughbred stud registers.

The golden gates, closed 150 years ago by Mr. James, are any day now likely to be reopened by Mr. Francis, Mr. Will and Mr. Peter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THIS was a stay-at-home job for the cover artist, Michael Critchlow. The cottage, in the little village of Cottered, Herts, is on loan to him. The two boys roasting chestnuts are his sons, Keith (in shorts) and David. Only Scottie is a stranger: he's on loan with the cottage, but warming up nicely to the new folks

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FIRST PRIZE for PARSON

Cash and 137 Xmas Feasts Won

MEN and women in a hundred walks of life enjoy entering for JOHN BULL'S competitions. Here is a parson competitor—the Rev. H. A. Hodge, The Vicarage, Brookland, Ashford, Kent—winner of a £50 share in a recent Crossword First Prize.

"For many years," Mr. Hodge told us, "I have been a competitor in both *Bullets* and Crosswords. These competitions demand thought and skill. Their spirit is well put in the fine *Bullet*, WHAT THE SPORTSMAN SAID—'THEIRS TODAY?—THERE'S TOMORROW!'"

Besides his big cheque, Mr. Hodge will receive a cake and plum pudding for Christmas. Here is your last opportunity to win a 14-lb luxury parcel or a luscious cake with a *Bullet* this Christmas or to add a cake and plum pudding to your Crossword cash.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated December 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 605

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Pean. 3, Hall. 9, Love. 12, Cold. 13, Bat. 14, Yarns. DOWN: 1, Planter. 2, Augur. 4, Aid. 5, Bell. 6, Lesson. 7, Hows. 8, Peak. 10, Bill. 11, Boor.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. E. Gill, 38 Hereford Road, Weymouth.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 23 entrants. In addition Winner and Runners-up receive 6-lb. Christmas Feasts.

"BULLETS" No. 1,653

FIRST PRIZE, £250: J. N. Smith, 65 Grasville Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead:

FEARFUL PROSPECT

A LIFETIME OF WARTIMES!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: F. Houston, 98 Paterson Street, Ayr: YOUTH'S OPINION—SIT ON? SLEEP ON!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: C. Lofts, 30 Queens Road, Felixstowe: MAN'S NIGHTMARE—HALF TOBACCONIST, HALF HORNS!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: W. S. Gale, 33 Whitworth Road, Swindon: FEARFUL MISTAKES — MAN'S BREAD "ERASED" BY? £8: H. Bird, 118 Manor Farm Drive, Chingford, E.4: THE NECESSARY —CAUTION, MUSTN'T STOP "GO." £7: Mrs. L. Cubbin, 11 S.E. Princes Dock, Liverpool, 3: INVITING — NEW UNIFORMS, "PATCHED" PEACE. £6: Mrs. A. Whitworth, 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, Victoria, S.W.1: YOUTH'S ATTACHMENTS — LASTING AS DAD'S GADGETS!

FIVE of £5: F. F. Kitching, Five Ways, Court Street, Upton-on-Severn: "DON'T BE ALARMED!"—SAYS GOVERNMENT, RESTORING SIRENS! E. J. Putland, 35 Lavender Sweep, Battersea, S.W.11: WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS — JUDGING BY GRANDPA'S COUGH! T. Roberts, 33 Maud Street, New Basford, Nottingham: SPOILT THE PICTURE — FATHER—COULDN'T "FOCUS" PHOTOGRAPHER! Mrs. G. M. Shepherd, 35 Eden Street, Alvaston, Derby: INVITING — RUSSIAN "VULTURES," FALTERING FRANCE. L. E. Strickland, 16 Mansfield Road, Baldock: DOESN'T FOLLOW — VILLAGE BAND, *Guest* CONDUCTOR!

Above 12 winners also receive 14-lb. Christmas Parcels. Winners of 25 further Parcels and 100 Cakes have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 26 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; now work out that puzzle below and a welcome prize with a Christmas Cake and Pudding may be yours.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 609

1. Some of these, by constant use, are apt to become threadbare
2. Sound of one at night can be frightening to a nervous woman
3. Points have to be watched when handling these
5. Only after countless experiments can scientists regard any remedy as this
8. It sometimes happens that a man's wife means little to him but
10. Beware of one carrying too much
12. There are people who yawn when others do this

Down Clues

1. Must be clever to merit being called
2. It's doubtful if collection of certain these would be worth while
4. Occasionally wants a lot of humouring before doing what is desired
6. Too many these may spoil a good game
7. Prosecuting counsel is glad to establish evidence of
8. Even to dentist who really knows his business some this is unavoidable
9. May be filled in a mechanical sort of way
11. It's apt to be a costly business to drive in

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Shivering World	With Cloak And Dagger
At Christmas	Turned Over
Steel	For Nothing
Just Imagine	Granny Remembers
Spurring Us On	Crackers
He's A Communist, So	Damsel In Distress
High And Low	Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions
Forget The Past And	Waits In The.....
Really Talking	Shouldn't Be.....
Struggle For Supremacy	Firmly.....
Not Making Enough	Playing At.....
Short-sighted	Agreed With.....
In An Ugly Mood	It Seems....., But
The Devil	

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 11, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,657 (or Xword 609) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to get help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 11 containing **GRAND CASH AND RADIOGRAM OFFER**

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B. .....

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	■	D		R	■		■	E	4F
E	D	■	5	U	6R	E	■	■	■
■	O	7F	■	M	U	S	T	E	R
8D	O	L	■	■	■	■	■	N	E
E	R	A	■	I	S	■	9	■	■
	■	■	■	L	■	10	O	F	11F
A	T	■	A	L	P	■	L	E	O
12Y	A		N	■	S	E	E	609	

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated December 11.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

609 Closing Postmark, MON., NOV. 29

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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Write to John Bull About It

John Bull's expert advisers help to solve readers' personal problems. Answers on points of general interest will be published each week

Corporal Punishment

M. K. (Swindon): The headmaster of a school has the right to administer corporal punishment when he considers it necessary and just. There are no fixed regulations for the whole country, each local education authority making its own. It is generally agreed, however, that physical punishment can only be given for serious offences, such as theft, lying and gross insubordination. No reasonable teacher today would punish a child for being slow or below average intelligence.

Hospital Confinement

T. W. (Salisbury): Hospital maternity accommodation is not automatically provided under the National Health Service for every woman who wishes to have her baby in hospital. When medical complications appear likely, an expectant mother will certainly get hospital accommodation. Priority is given when it is thought advisable for a first baby, or when conditions are unsuitable for home confinement. In these circumstances a mother should apply through the local welfare centre, which will put her in touch with the Medical Officer of Health.

School Leaving Age

W. S. B. (Nantwich): It is not true that boys who wish to work on farms are allowed to leave school at fourteen. The school leaving age was raised to fifteen under the Education Act, and there are no exceptions to that rule. The rumour of special concessions in the case of farm workers has circulated in various parts of the country, but it has no foundation in fact.

Pensioners Overseas

N. K. (Maidstone): Pensions under the National Insurance Act, 1946, are payable to pensioners living in any of the Dominions, colonies, protectorates and mandated territories, except — for the time being—to temporary visitors to Canada and Newfoundland. Under the Exchange Control Act, 1947, no sum on account of pension may be paid to a temporary visitor to Canada or Newfoundland—either there or remitted from this country. Pension accruing during absence may either be left to accumulate and drawn on return or be paid to a United Kingdom bank on the pensioner's behalf.

War Medals

N. D. (Brighouse): A man who joined the Army in 1942, went to France on D-Day and remained in B.A.O.R. until his demobilization in 1946 is entitled to the 1939-45 Star, the France and Germany Star and the War Medal. He is not eligible for the Defence Medal, as he did not serve for three years in a non-operational area subject to air attack.

Thanks!

E. K. (Hythe) writes: "I should like to thank you for getting my pension through for me. I have received my new book for 26s. weekly, together with the back pay due. I feel sure I should still have been waiting but for your help."

Readers' queries (except medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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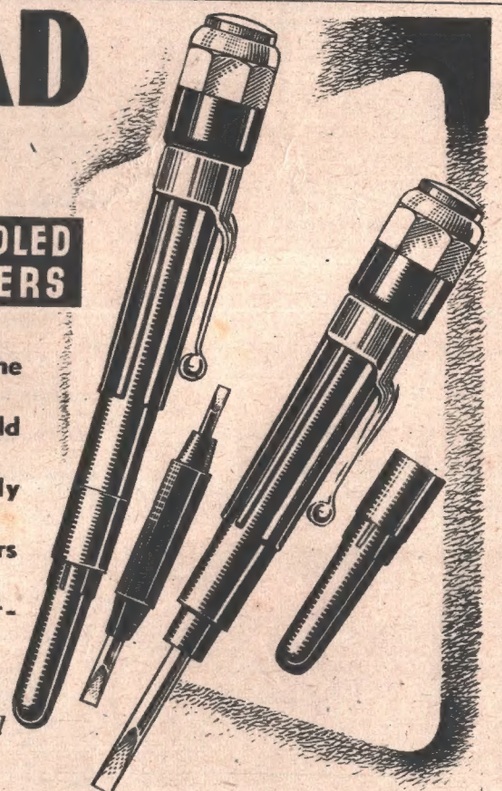

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RHEUMATISM

me?...No!

I take Fynnon Salt—the ideal laxative for Rheumatic Sufferers. You can buy a large tin of Fynnon Salt for 2/-. Get a supply today.

FYNNON SALT

the famous medicinal Salt

REMOVES HARMFUL WASTE PRODUCTS, CLEANSES BLOODSTREAM AND DIGESTIVE TRACT

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middx. 583

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"I b'lieve it's my OXO!"

Bobbie is never missing when it's OXO time! Like so many children, he's alway's eager for that delicious beefy beverage and mother is happy knowing it does him a power of good.

My! OXO!

GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD MORNING!

CHECKING endless bills of lading, chasing up belated consignments, answering a telephone that never stops ringing—she's doing a key job for Britain in a busy export office. It's one mad rush all day long but, like so many people who are hard at it, she finds that a steaming goodnight cup of Bourn-vita helps to bring her restful sleep and renewed energy—and that's what we all need to keep up the effort demanded of us today.

★ CADBURYS ★

Bourn-vita

For extra effort – extra energy!